AUGUSTA MAINE
AUGUST 1919

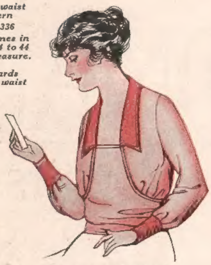
THE AMERICAN WOMAN

FIVE CENTS
A COPY

-Beryl Morse Greene-

This is waist pattern No. 9336 and comes in sizes 34 to 44 bust measure.

3 yards for a waist



Charming Seco Silk Waist
Premium No. 1207

Stylish Silks

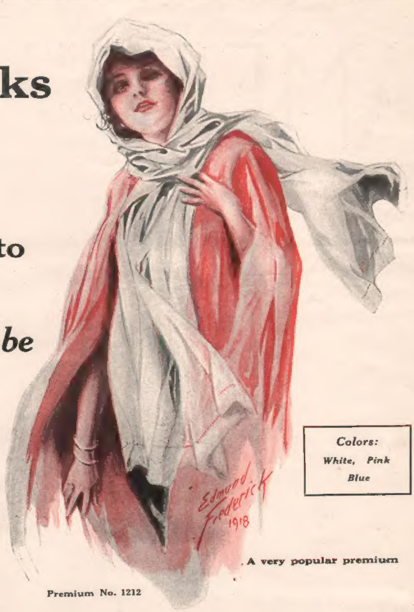
and other

Accessories to

Milady's Wardrobe

Yours without spending a cent

Read every word on this page



Colors:
White, Pink
Blue

A very popular premium

Premium No. 1212

Soft Seco Silk

8 Yards Given for ***Eight*** *Subscriptions* *8 Yards Given for* ***Twenty-One***
10 Yards Given for ***Twenty-Six*** *Subscriptions*

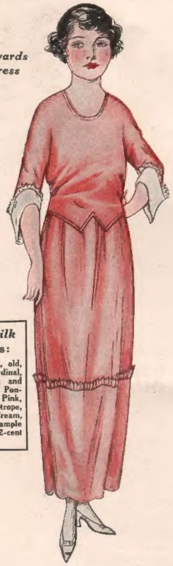
No. 1207. The rich quality and superior lustre-finish of this seco silk are approved by every woman who demands stylish, new material for her wardrobe. It is well suited to both house- and street-wear. The manufacturers assure us that they can furnish all the most desirable colors; but on account of the well-known scarcity of dyes, we strongly urge our friends to make a second and third choice of colors, so that there will be no delay in filling orders. Send in your orders at once and be sure of what you desire. Colors now obtainable are: Blue (light, old, and navy-), Cardinal, Gray (light and dark), Red, Pongee, Tan, Pink, Rose, Heliotrope, White, Cream, Black. Sample of any color sent for a 2-cent stamp to pay postage.

Pattern Free

With each order for silk we will send, free, any dress- or waist-pattern shown in any recent issue of The American Woman.

The pattern must be selected at the same time the silk is ordered. Be sure and give correct number and size of pattern desired. The dress shown in the picture is No. 9311, and comes in sizes 36 to 42 bust measure. Waist shown is 9336—34 to 44.

8 or 10 yards for a dress



Seco Silk
Colors:
Blue (light, old, navy-), Cardinal, Gray (light and dark), Red, Pongee, Tan, Pink, Rose, Heliotrope, White, Cream, Black. Sample sent for a 2-cent stamp.

Clinging Seco Silk Dress

Premium No. 1207

The pattern shown is dress-pattern No. 9311 and comes in sizes 36 to 42 inches

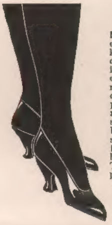
Long Silky Scarf

Given for ***Six*** *Subscriptions*

No. 1212. For dressy evening wear, or for cool evenings, this silk scarf adds considerably to one's comfort and at the same time displays a touch of quality and luxury to attract favorable attention. It is fully 60 inches long and wide enough to be worn double. Material has highly finished lustre and is very soft and dainty. It comes hemstitched ready to wear in ***White, Pink*** or ***Blue.*** State which color is preferred, otherwise we shall send white.

A pair of

Silk Lisle Hose



Given for ***Six*** *Subscriptions*

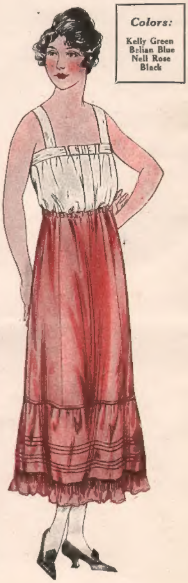
No. 1984. Made by one of the best known manufacturers of high-grade hosiery in America and carries their trade-mark in gilt letters on the toe of every pair. Silk lisle is a material that possesses a silklike lustre, but which is more serviceable. Reinforced fourply toe, heel and garter top. This construction prevents ripping and insures long life to the hose. Sizes 8½ to 10. Colors: Black or white. State size and color.

Smooth-Set Underskirt

Given for

Sixteen *Subscriptions*

Colors:
Kelly Green
Belian Blue
Nell Rose
Black



No. 1743. In your mind's eye you can see this petticoat—it closely resembles the illustration. Of Novelty Fabric—Smartly Styled—Well Made—Carefully Finished and Perfect Fitting. The fabric has a lustre like silk, that will endure, and is of a texture to give it lasting worth Take another look at the picture and note the perfectly smooth fit around the waist, the ease of adjustment with patent snapfasteners at back—an elastic inserted either side of the fasteners is a perfect boon. An absolutely smooth front, without a wrinkle, is in accord with the new fashion-developments in outer garments. A narrow seamed band marks the joining of an accordion-plated flounce that is finished with a gathered ruffle to give the right flare, and an under or dust-ruffle is added for complete satisfaction. We recomment this one as a model that combines comfort, durability and daintiness with the irresistible "wear me" appeal to the woman of style-sense. It comes in sizes from 21 to 30 waist-measure and in the following colors: ***Kelly green, Belgian blue, Nell rose,*** and fast ***Black.*** Be sure to mention size and color wanted.

Add these Stylish Garments to Your Wardrobe

Special Offer

Select the gift that you would most like to have and send us the required number of yearly subscriptions to The American Woman, at our special subscription-price of **35 cents** each; we will send each subscriber this magazine one year, and we will send you, prepaid, the premium of your choice. Order by name and number. Send all subscriptions to

The American Woman

Augusta, Maine

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Agnes Cuyler Stoddard, Editor

Mrs. M. M. Hynes, } Emma Chalmers Monroe, } Editors Special Departments

AUGUSTA, MAINE, AUGUST 1919

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All advertisements appearing in THE AMERICAN WOMAN are absolutely guaranteed. Your money will be promptly refunded, by the advertiser or by us, if you purchase goods advertised with us and they prove unsatisfactory. This applies equally to purchases made through your retail merchant or direct from the advertiser. The only condition is that in making purchases, the reader shall always state that the advertisement was seen in THE AMERICAN WOMAN.

Chats with Our Readers

The Bluebird's Song

By Mary Archer Knapp

The bluebird fluting, where the woods rise dim
Across the fields, is all the sound I hear;
The evening silence falls as sunset fades,
Lingering to earth in golden colonades,
And far and faint the stately stars appear.

In one still place (which my heart always sees),
This darkening spring night the shadows creep,
Lingering all softly on that quiet home,
Where the white stone guards one, who waits alone,
Till I may come and share that quiet sleep.

⁂

MUSICAL and delightful is that little poem, and we all thank the author for sharing it with us, do we not? At the same time we are learning that "the white stone" guards nothing of our loved ones save the physical or material part which has been laid aside. The real self goes on living and loving, never far from us when we call, doing work that needs to be done, helpful, vital, filled and thrilled with the spirit we knew and know so well. This knowledge, beautiful and inspiring, is permeating the world to-day as never before. We feel it everywhere—and shall we not thank God for it? Through it we are learning that truly we have nothing to be sorry about; that we can never lose that which is our own. Very recently the daily papers told of the will of Major Charles Baird, who died in France more than a year ago, four months after he had said good-by to "the most perfect, most true, honorable and loyal wife in all the world"—such was his loving tribute, in that will, to the little woman whom he married fourteen years ago. She was the daughter of a Hungarian farmer, a hard-working man, whose wife worked even harder with her brood of nine little ones to care for, and surely could not have found time even had she possessed the ability to implant in the mind and heart of her daughter the principles upon which a wonderful philosophy of life was founded. Coming to America to better a fortune which seemed hard enough at best in the land of her birth, she met the man who, as both believed, was intended for her. And perhaps never was a happier marriage—rarely a woman who had greater cause to mourn.

⁂

YET she does not. There is the beauty of her code of life. When the will of her husband became public property, she suddenly found herself famous, because of the tribute paid her. Reporters found their way to the neat little home where she lives with her boy, and to one of them she voiced a philosophy which other women, most if not all women, will find it wise to adopt. "He was the only man on earth for me," she said, and smiled. "He is the only man for me, I should say. Fate took me to him, or rather it was faith. I believe God intends just the one man for just the one woman. And the reason why men and women do not always meet their true loves is because they do not keep their hearts true and sensible. They allow other thoughts to come in. They think of riches, or place, or gay things to do that they believe will make life interesting. Nothing makes life interesting but love. I wish I could stand on the housetops and shout that truth to all the earth. But when I say love I mean affection-love, not love of the body but love that sees only the heart. Yes, it may be true that some women are made for love more than others are. But listen to me. Love is a lump of gold. It is given to you all rough and full of points and edges. You can make it smooth with much caressing. Do not allow the edges to hurt you. Keep telling yourself it is pure gold. Never mind the rest. Have faith, forgive, and keep on loving. No man with a spark of good in him can hold out against love, forgiveness and a woman's belief in him. That is the main thing—belief in him. Even a marriage which seems to lack the true basis can be made happy if the wife will dwell only on the goodness, not the failings of her husband. Women who shut their eyes to bad tempers or other faults of husband or children can do away with those faults. But if they harp on them they increase them and bring bigger ones. Oh, I wish all could know how true this is. Think the BEST of the man you marry. Love always wins. It cannot be killed. How can I bear the separation from my husband? Why, we are not separated. He is nearer to me to-day than he ever was in life—as we speak of it. I see him often with my heart's eyes. I am never lonely. I am not sad. I laugh. I play with my boy. I work in my little garden. I think. My Carl's hand is in mine and I see his beautiful smile."

⁂

TRULY it is a marvelous philosophy, yet so simple that he who runs may read and understand. In the realm of spirit there can be no separation, because life—real life—is one. Little Mrs. Baird knows this and so she can smile, and work in her garden, and play with her boy—sometimes a bit lonely, perhaps, as is perfectly natural, but never unhappy. The principles on which her code of life is founded are all good. "Think the best of the man you marry" is excellent advice; were it given general consideration and practise there would be a big, big increase in the number of happy homes throughout our land. Perhaps but one thing is more to the purpose, and that is to think the best of everybody. That is not a new suggestion as all know who have read The American Woman year after year, but it will bear constant repetition. There are few threads in the fabric of human existence which mean so much. To think the best of a neighbor or friend who we feel we have good reason to believe has injured us we must cease to judge by appearances and strive to "keep the eye single," to see the real man or woman, part and parcel of the Life which actuates us all. We must put ourselves in that other's place and try to look at the matter from his standpoint. If we do this with honest intent, earnestly desirous of eliminating all cause for trouble, there will be none; with the right understanding will come right adjustments. In any event, it is well for us all to remember that thinking the best of all people and all things is good for us—thoroughly good; and that we cannot afford to do anything else. If we knew that a physical disorder which has long held us in bondage was the direct result of a cherished animosity, would we not hasten to let go of the grudge "and remember it no more"? That is what men versed in scientific research are assuring us to-day—like an echo from past centuries: "Whatsoever things are good, pure, honorable, lovely and of good report, think on these things." Think the best of everybody!

⁂

RIGHT here we want to share with you one of the letters which help to make life so richly worth the living: "One year ago last summer my niece asked me to join a club she was getting up for The American Woman; last summer I wrote her to know if she wanted my renewal, as I could not be without "our paper"—so helpful and inspiriting it is, and so closely it has woven itself into my life. Last winter my dearly loved father was ill, and for nearly four months I had not an unbroken night's rest. I took great comfort from the calendar verse for each day until near the end, when—what wonder?—I forgot. Father fell asleep February 19, and the verse for that day seemed written just for me:

'God bless you, friend! I breathe a charm
Lest grief's dark night oppress you;
For how can sorrow bring you harm
When 'tis God's way to bless you?'

So also did the verse for the day all that was mortal of my dear one was laid away—February 21. I cannot express the help they were to me, seeming like messages of good cheer and sympathy straight from another heart to my own. My March copy did not reach me until the fifth of the month. I turned to the calendar:

'Would you be wiser? then learn to forget
The fears and the worries, the doubts and regret,
Be earnest, be watchful, be prayerful, be kind,
And soon you'll rejoice in cares left behind.'

Still, just what I needed. I cannot live up to all this yet, but I believe in it with all my heart. I have passed through more severe trials than fall to the lot of many mortals, and I do want you to know how much our American Woman is helping me. I would not be without it for many times the subscription-price, and shall make all the new friends for it I can—thus sharing my blessings with others." Which is exactly the right spirit.

8
Piece
Outfit
FULL LINED

$1.00 DOWN

Brings This Complete Outfit

An astounding value. Sent to you for only $1.00 down. But you must act quickly because this offer is being made for a limited time. So don't delay as prices on woolens are still going up. The Boy's Outfit consists of

1 "Two-Way" Norfolk Suit
1 Percale Waist 1 Poplin Tie 1 Pr. Stylish Shoes
1 Nobby Golf Cap 2 Pr. Stockings 1 Fancy Handkerchief

Latest "Two-Way" Norfolk Suit has popular waist seam, also detachable belt. Yoke back with box plaits. Coat splendidly lined. Knickers cut full and lined throughout. Choice of fancy cassimere in blue, brown or Nile green. Sizes 7 to 17.

Nobby Golf Cap. All wool navy blue serge. Snap fastner and inner fur band. Sizes 6 3-8 to 7 1-8.

Dressy Percale Waist in neat striped patterns. Attached collar and outside pocket.

Four-in-Hand Silk Poplin Tie. Handsome colorings.

English Lace Shoes of selected leather. Comfortable last. Solid leather soles. Well made. Sizes up to 6.

Soft Lawn Handkerchief with fancy border.

2 Pairs of Fast Black Stockings. Reinforced knee, heel and toe.

Be sure to give size of shoes and cap; also size and color of suit wanted.

No. E-3. Only $1.00 cash. $2.85 Monthly. Price $17.95

Six Months to Pay

Take six months to pay. We will open a charge account for you. Not one penny extra for credit—no discount for cash. Just a small monthly payment which you will hardly miss. Get the habit of buying on credit. Get what you want when you want it. Other people use credit, why shouldn't you? Now is the time to start. Send the coupon.

Order Now

Thousands will be sending in for this bargain. It will be first come first served. Act now! Send coupon with P. O. order for $1.00. We are making this offer only for a limited time. Don't delay. Get this bargain now as prices are soaring.

Elmer Richards Co.
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Gentlemen: I enclose $______ as first payment. Please send the Boy's Outfit No. E-3. Color Suit ______
Size Suit ______ Size Cap ______ Size Shoes ______
If I am not satisfied with the Boy's Outfit, I can return it and get my payment back. Otherwise I will pay $2.85 monthly until $17.95 has been paid.
(This coupon must be signed by your mother or father)
Name ______
Address ______
Post Office ______ *State* ______
If you want our Free Book of Men's, Women's and Children's Wearing Apparel, put X here ☐

THE HOMEMAKER

Conducted by MRS. M. M. HYNES

This department is devoted to the interests of woman, especially the housewife. Anything that will lighten labor, brighten or make better the home and household, or help us each and all to lead truer lives, will be cordially welcomed. All readers of The American Woman will, it is hoped, give of their experience for the benefit of others, and ask any needful information for themselves. Send your tested and favorite receipts, hints on the training and care of children, cultivation of flowers, etc., etc., letting what helps you help others. This is the homemakers' own department, and as such all are invited to have a share in its management.

Address MRS. M. M. HYNES, Boston Highlands, Mass.

Hints That Have Been Found Helpful

I DO enjoy our Homemaker department, and as I believe in helping as well as in being helped, I am sending a few suggestions that I have found excellent. To keep tan shoes looking like new, wash them first—especially if muddy—with a lather of Castile soap, taking care not to have too much water on the cloth—not enough to wet the leather through; let dry, then polish as usual. I am sure you will be very well satisfied with the result. When you buy a pair of patent-leather shoes rub them with olive-oil or any sweet oil. This keeps the leather soft and therefore it does not crack. Frequent applications — about once in two weeks, or when the leather seems dry—will keep the shoes in good condition for a long while. Be careful not to put on too much oil, but rub in thoroughly what you do put on. A shoe-salesman told me this, and I have found it so great a help I want to pass it on that it may benefit other homemakers as well as myself. I find the tinsel dish-cloths, which may be purchased at a five-and-ten-cent store, very handy for washing "stuck-on" dishes. If I cannot find those I buy steel wool at a hardware-store and sometimes brass wool—the fine trimmings of steel or brass, formed into round or oval shape for this purpose.

When ironing, if the iron scorches, rub the place with peroxide, wetting it well, iron again and the scorch will have vanished. This applies only to white goods, as peroxide removes the color also from colored goods. Should a dress, apron or blouse of colored material be scorched, place it in the bright sunshine for a time; unless the burn is too deep this will remove it.

I have found paraffine-oil the best furniture-polish, as it covers up scratches also. In regard to the dustless mop, I have two—one for the kitchen-oilcloth, the other for hardwood floors. Such a mop takes up that "ashy" dust and makes the floor look fifty per cent. better. My neighbor has had her kitchen-floor and oilcloth (which was of light color when new and had become badly worn) painted steel-gray; she says it is the best color for not showing dirt, and that now she isn't on her knees every day scrubbing. Her kitchen always looks nice, too. We varnish our oilcloth or linoleum twice a year with two heavy coats of varnish. This preserves it, as the alkali in the soaps used to scrub it, has to wear through the varnish first.

Have any of you ever tried cooking apples and green—or partly ripe—tomatoes together? This makes a delicious preserve in the fall when berries and peaches have gone. Last fall I canned some in empty tin cans such as vegetable butters and syrups come in, with a lid that shuts down tightly, and we are enjoying it this winter. I always utilize such cans in this way—in fact, any can that has a lid which can be pried off. They save the expense of rubbers and breakage, and the contents keep perfectly. To cook the tomatoes and apples just wash the tomatoes thoroughly, and cut in rather thick slices, without peeling; the apples should be peeled, however, and quartered, cores removed. I use brown sugar for sweetening. Sprinkle the latter in with the fruit and let a juice form. Cook slowly several hours. We like this very much, as do others who have tasted it.

I have a lovely fern which had but two leaves when I started it. A florist told me to never water it from the top, as this washed the dirt away from the tender new fronds springing up, and it was not properly watered that way. I followed his instructions and will give them to help others. I take a pail deep enough to hold the pot, set the fern in this and fill with water enough to reach the top of the pot but not over it. Let the fern stand for a half-hour so that it can drink all it wants, then lift it out into the sink or any place where the extra water can drain off, take a whisk-broom and sprinkle the leaves gently with water. The fern can be seen to improve after a short time of such treatment, which I give twice a week. No other watering is necessary. In winter, temper the water.

In reply to the appeal for a remedy for pimples and boils, I desire to state my father's experience. He had thirty-six boils or carbuncles during one summer, and one day an old English lady told him to buy a tube of ordinary Venice turpentine, mix with flour or sugar to make into pills, and take one after each meal for two or three months to completely rid the kidneys of the poison. Pimples and boils are usually caused by the kidneys refusing to send off all the poison in the body, and it backs up into the blood, and can only throw itself out in a pimple; at least, so we are told nowadays. Plenty of water should be taken, too, to flush the kidneys well. Needless to say, father was willing to try anything which promised relief from those painful things; he took the turpentine, and had no more for two years. Then another started and he immediately took the turpentine again, with the result that the boil never came to a head and disappeared entirely. It is not expensive, and is surely worth trying.

For my baby I made small-sized cotton pads about a foot square, and cut white oil-cloth the same size to use under the cotton pads, the shiny side down. It is a perfect protector, and easily replenished when the finish wears off. By making them small I can tuck the pads up under baby's skirts, and his under petticoat is never soiled. To remove the crust or "cradle-cap" from his head I used two applications of butter, letting it remain on for half an hour or so, and then using the little fine comb. I see Doctor Southwick gave us a preparation to use for this in one of his recent articles. With other mothers I am greatly interested in anything pertaining to the care and proper bringing-up of the little folks.

Windsor, N. S. Mrs. C. R. Sanford.

(Just a word of caution regarding the turpentine remedy. There are some people who cannot even remain in a freshly painted room without serious or extremely unpleasant effects, and to take turpentine internally even in extremely small quantity, would certainly not serve in any remedial way. It is always wise to get the advice of a competent physician on such points; although it is safe to say that the remedy suggested would not prove harmful, but rather beneficial, in nine cases out of ten.)

Some Nebraska Ways

I HAVE been an interested reader of this department for a long, long time and have decided that you should all know of my way of making light bread: it is fine. Soak two cakes of yeast. At dinner-time boil your potatoes as usual, but drain the water, when they are cooked, into a crock in which have been placed two big cupfuls of uncooked oatmeal. Stir and let stand till cool, then add the yeast-cakes and a little more tepid water, two scant tablespoonfuls of salt, and flour enough for a stiff batter. Let rise in a warm place until early morning, then add just a little—perhaps one pint—more warm water, mix stiff, using half barley-flour if desired, rub lard over the top and let rise, work down twice, then make into six loaves, and, when light, bake slowly. Everybody likes this war-bread and I still make it even though "stern necessity" does not demand it.

I do not think anyone has told Mrs. Geo. Grevious how to exterminate cockroaches. It is said that the most effective way is to fumigate with sulphur or hydrocyanic-acid gas; but powdered borax, mixed with a little sugar and flour dusted freely on the shelves or forced by means of bellows into cracks and crevices, has been known to give good results and has the merit of being perfectly harmless. Or, this powder may be spread on slightly moistened bread. While I have never had occasion to try it myself, it is claimed to be far superior to cockroach-powders that are widely advertised.

When you clean with gasoline, sisters, use plenty of it. Heat a small tubful of water to the boiling-point, take it entirely away from fire or artificial light, pour your gasoline into a smaller vessel—bowl or pan—place it in this tub of hot water to heat, and when quite warm take out the vessel, put into the gasoline the garment which is to be cleansed, and pour as much more gasoline into another vessel to use for rinsing, placing this in the hot water. Use a good, pure soap sparingly, and wash the garment as if with water, rinse thoroughly in the clean gasoline, and hang in the air. The garment will look like new.

I especially enjoyed the letter from One Boy's Mother about our small boys. They are difficult to manage, and one has to be very wise to manage them just right. It seems to me our department is especially helpful along these very lines, or can be made so. Will not some of you older mothers who have successfully raised boys tell us how you did it? Of course what will work like a charm in some cases, with certain dispositions, will not do so well in every case, but helpful suggestions and ideas cannot fail to accomplish a good purpose. I understand girls quite well, but with my little son I am sometimes puzzled to know just what is best to do and say.

A few ideas which may be helpful to other homemakers: Keep a little box of rubber bands in the drawer of the kitchen-table or some other convenient place. When you have a little of any food left over, such as gravy, canned salmon, sauces, etc., which you will use again and want to put away in tiny bowls, cups or glasses, cover with two or three pieces of tissue-paper held on by means of a rubber band. The food is thus kept from dust and air and no odor can escape. For keeping your stove clean, instead of using a damp cloth or brush, have an oiled duster for the purpose; you can make one of wornout stockings, moistened with a little oil. For a gas-stove, on which blacking is not used, there is nothing better. When hose-supporters wear out, cut off the clasps or loops to use for hangers on holders, laundry-bags, etc. Keep a little paraffine (wax) in a small baking-powder can ready to heat at a moment's notice. It is fine for mending any vessel in which cold articles are to be kept.

Hopeful asked a sure and simple remedy for thinness; I, too, am thin, and shall be grateful for any assistance in overcoming this tendency. I would also like to correspond with any of the sisters who live in or near Milford, Mass., or Bennington, Vt., preferably someone whose family settled there in the early days.

McGrew, Nebr. Mrs. James Jessup.

In Fly-Time

TO banish flies from the kitchen, soak a few pieces of blotting-paper with eucalyptus-oil and oil of pennyroyal in equal quantities, and lay them about. It acts very quickly. Another way is to use oil of lavender. Dip a sponge in boiling water, and pour it over a half teaspoonful of oil of lavender. This will give off a very pleasant odor like violets, but is most obnoxious to flies. The sponge should be moistened again with boiling water as it dries out, say twice a day, and the oil of lavender renewed twice a day. When there are a few flies in the kitchen that defy capture by means of fly-paper or other usual methods, heat a shovel and sprinkle a spoonful of carbolic acid over it. The fumes will have the desired effect, exterminating the flies effectually. Last summer we had the house painted, and during the process, with screens removed, the rooms became filled with flies. I darkened every room but one on the ground floor, the kitchen, and drove the flies all into that by means of paper "flappers," manufactured at home by cutting newspapers in strips about fifteen inches long and an inch and a half wide, and tying them like a mop on the end of a piece of broom-handle. At night I removed from the kitchen everything movable that would be likely to be tarnished and put in a small sulphur candle, closing doors and windows tightly. The candle should be placed in a shallow dish filled with water, in order to avoid possible damage by fire. In the morning every fly could be swept up, and the room was quickly aired out. The sulphur also destroys germs of every kind, and leaves a clean, wholesome smell — at least, I think so. I also hung my husband's last-summer's straw hat over the candle, so that the fumes could get to it, and bleached it, thus killing two birds with one stone. The smoke of sulphur is an excellent disinfectant, and the candles (or ordinary sulphur, in a vessel of heavy tin or iron, with live coals) will also destroy roaches, ants, or other insects that trouble the home; the candles are most convenient, however, and but little more expensive than the sulphur in bulk. Flies that light on the ceiling at night, as the weather grows cooler, I have taken care of in the following manner: Saw off the end of a broom-stick, or other stick of the right size, so that it will be flat, and on this fasten a tin can by driving a nail through the bottom into the wood. This is to be used as a holder for a smaller can that will fit into it. In the latter, place a few spoonfuls of gasoline or turpentine, and hold the mouth of this to the ceiling over the fly, which will drop down. This method prevents spotting the ceiling, as would be done by the usual "swatting," and is a very humane way of getting rid of these pests. In this, as in other matters, the old adage "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," holds good. A few good rules are as follows: See that there is no decaying vegetable-matter of any kind around the premises. If you have no pig or hens to feed, see that all table-refuse is either burned or buried. Potato-parings, and other vegetable "leavings" may be easily made way with by placing on the top of the oven under the second covers of the range; they will be dry in a very short time and may be swept forward into the fire-box. I prefer to bury such refuse, however, as I think it makes good fertilizer for my small garden-patch, and it is little work to dig a hole and turn the accumulation of a day or meal in, then cover it up. This is especially good around rhubarb-plants. Mine were thin and scraggly until I began the practise last year, and now they are very thrifty. Your garbage-bucket, if you have one, should be kept carefully covered and perfectly clean. I have a small pail with tight-fitting cover which I keep in a corner of the sink, burying the contents as suggested, when it is full. Pour a little kerosene into the drains. If you have a stable, screen it as carefully as you do the house. In fact, see that flies have no breeding-places, and so save a great deal of trouble later on. I have heard that a single fly will produce an incredible number of its kind in a short space of time—hence it behooves us to take care that this ability to "multiply and replenish" our homes with such pests is not allowed full scope.

Mrs. G. W. Baker.

Another Side of the Garden Question

I SHOULD like to tell M. E. L., of West Virginia, that my experience proves to me conclusively that gardening does pay well in money and health. I think the cause of her disappointment may lie in the fact that she did not study her market first. She raised vegetables that are always plenty in West Virginia—onions and beans. Then most of people now do not care for "salted-down" cucumber pickles; they prefer the small, quickly made ones, sealed hot in jars so that the pickles are crisp and brittle. In this part of West Virginia I can sell green lima beans and asparagus. Nearly every one has a garden-patch, but people do not raise these vegetables to any extent. There are many other vegetables I can sell if I can raise them, or have them ready for market, at a time when other people do not have them. Very early or late vegetables can always be disposed of. For my own use I raise what I like; then I try new vegetables or novelties and if they prove to be worth while I add them to my list for next year. I am sure it pays, if only to have fresh vegetables for my own use, as one cannot always buy them. At the present time I am raising small fruits, also flowers, in addition to vegetables. If there is anything I can neither sell nor use—rarely the case—I feed it to my chickens, thus saving on the chicken feed bill and getting more eggs, so there is nothing wasted.

I went into gardening before the war—to help me bear a great sorrow; and let me tell the sisters that are in the "Valley of Sorrow" that nothing helps like planting seeds and watching the wonders of what comes from them—to see that God's plan exists in a tiny seed a breath would blow away teaches us that nothing can be lost or really go amiss in His great universe. If I were to tell you of the wonders I have found out in the vegetable kingdom you would think me romancing. The little "green things growing" are possessed of intelligence, instinct, call it what you will, that seems quite beyond our own. Many vegetables have sex, as you know, and the vagaries of miscegenation among them are very interesting to the nature-student. I have seen the most luscious-looking watermelons that could not be eaten because full of lumps as hard as the squashes that had been planted too near. Raising roses and other flowers, also fruits and vegetables from seed, is intensely fascinating work, and prolific of good results, since some of the very best varieties have come from seedlings.

That many of the "men-folks" read our department I have the best of good reason to know, and I want to have a little talk with those who are married: Do you give your wife spending money, dear sir? I was a

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MADELON

By MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

Author of "Pembroke," "A New England Nun," etc.

CHAPTER I

THERE was a new snow over the village. Indeed, it had ceased to fall only at sunset, and it was now eight o'clock. It was heaped apparently with the lightness of foam on the windward sides of the roads, over the fences and the stone walls, and on the village roofs. Its weight was evident only on the branches of the evergreen-trees, which were bent low in their white shagginess, and had lost their upward spring.

There were evergreens — Norway pines, spruces, and hemlocks—bordering the road along which Burr Gordon was coming. Now and then he jostled a low-hanging bough and shook off its load of snow upon his shoulders. Then he walked nearer the middle of the street, tramping steadily through the new snow. This was an old road, but little used of late years, and the forest seemed to be moving upon it with the unnoted swiftness of a procession endless from the beginning of the world. In places the branches of the opposite pines stretched to each other, like white-draped arms across the road; and slender, snow-laden saplings stood out in young crowds well in advance of the old trees. At times the road was no more than a cart-path through the forest; but it was a short-cut to the Hautville place, and that was why Burr Gordon went that way.

Everything was very still. The new-fallen snow seemed to muffle silence itself, and do away with that wide susceptibility to sound which affects one as forcibly as the crashing of cannon.

There was no whisper of life from the village, which lay a half mile back; no roll of wheels, or shout, or peal of bell. Burr Gordon kept on in utter silence until he came near the Hautville house. Then he began to hear music; the soaring sweetness of a soprano voice, the rich undertone of a bass, and the twang of stringed instruments.

When he came close to the house the low structure itself, overlaid with snow, and with snow clinging to its gray-shingled sides like shreds of wool, seemed to vibrate and pulse and shake, and wax fairly sonorous with music, like an organ.

Burr Gordon stood still in the road and listened. The constituents of the concert resolved themselves to his ear. There was a wonderful soprano, a tenor, a bass, one sweet boy-voice, a bass-viol, and a violin. They were practising a fugue. The soprano rang out like the invitation of an angel:

> *"Come, my beloved, haste away,*
> *Cut short the hours of thy delay,"*

above all the others—even the shrill boy-treble. Then it followed, with noblest and sweetest order, the bass in—

> *"Fly like a youthful hart or roe,*
> *Over the hills where the spices grow."*

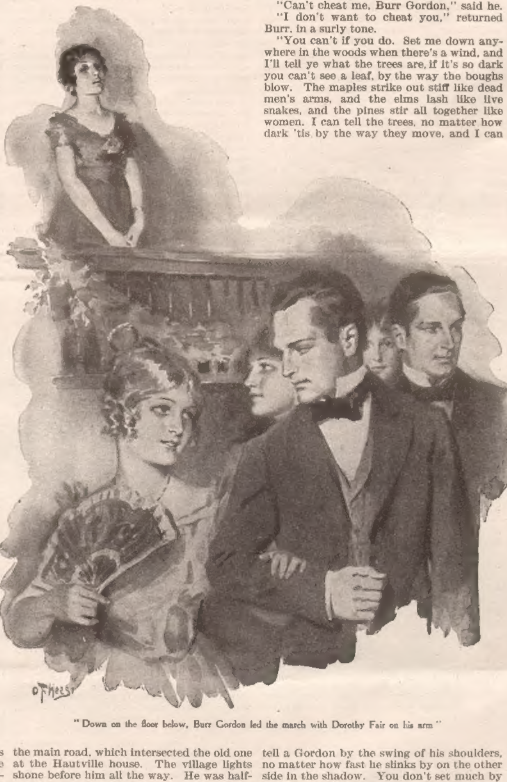
The very breath of the spices of Arabia seemed borne into the young man's senses by that voice. He saw in vision the blue tops of those delectable hills where the myrtle and cassia grew; he felt within his limbs the ardent impulse of the hart or roe. He stood with his head bent, listening, until the music ceased; the blue hills sank suddenly into the land of the past, and all the spice-plants withered away.

There was but a few minutes' interval; then there was a chorus—

> *"Strike the timbrel."*

Burr Gordon, listening, heard in that only the great soprano, and it was to him like the voice of Miriam of old, summoning him to battle and glory.

But when that music ceased he did not wait any longer nor enter the house, but stole away silently. This time he traveled the main road, which intersected the old one at the Hautville house. The village lights shone before him all the way. He was half-way to the village when he met his cousin, Lot Gordon. He knew he was coming through the pale darkness of the night some time before he was actually in sight by his cough. Lot Gordon had had for years a sharp cough which afflicted him particularly when he walked abroad in night air. It carried as far as the yelp of a dog; when Burr first heard it he stopped short, and looked irresolutely at the thicket beside the road. He had a half impulse to slink in there among the snowy bushes and hide until his cousin passed by. Then he shook his head angrily and kept on.



" Down on the floor below, Burr Gordon led the march with Dorothy Fair on his arm "

However, when the two men drew near each other Burr kept well to his side of the road and strode on rapidly, hoping his cousin might not recognize him. But Lot, with a hoarse laugh and another cough, swerved after him and jostled him roughly.

"Can't cheat me, Burr Gordon," said he.

"I don't want to cheat you," returned Burr, in a surly tone.

"You can't if you do. Set me down anywhere in the woods when there's a wind, and I'll tell ye what the trees are, if it's so dark you can't see a leaf, by the way the boughs blow. The maples strike out stiff like dead men's arms, and the elms lash like live snakes, and the pines stir all together like women. I can tell the trees, no matter how dark 'tis by the way they move, and I can tell a Gordon by the swing of his shoulders, no matter how fast he slinks by on the other side in the shadow. You don't set much by me, Burr, and I don't set any too much by you, but we've got to swing our shoulders one way, whether we will or no, because our fathers and our grandfather did before us. Good Lord! aren't men in leading-strings, no matter how high they kick!"

"I can't stand here in the snow talking," said Burr, and he tried to push past. But the other man stood before him with another laugh and cough.

"You aren't talking, Burr; I'm the one that's talking, and I've heard stuff that was worse to listen to. You'd better stand still."

"I tell you I'm going," said Burr, with a thrust of his elbow in his cousin's side.

"Well," said Lot, "go if you want to, or go if you don't want to. That last is what you're doing, Burr Gordon."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You're going to see Dorothy Fair when you want to see Madelon Hautville, because you don't want to do what you want to. Well, go on. I'm going to see Madelon and hear her sing. I've given up trying to work against my own emotions. It's no use; when you think you've done it, you haven't. You never can get out of this one gait that you were born to except in your own looking-glass. Go and court Dorothy Fair, and in spite of yourself you'll kiss the other girl when you're kissing her. Well, I sha'n't cheat Madelon Hautville that way."

"You know—she will not—you know Madelon Hautville never—" stammered Burr Gordon, furiously.

Lot laughed again.

"You think she sets so much by you she'll never kiss me," said he. "Don't be too sure, Burr. Nature's nature, and the best of us come under it. Madelon Hautville's got her place, like all the rest. There isn't a rose that's too good to take a bee in. Go do your own courting, and trust me to do mine. Courting's in our blood—I sha'n't disgrace the family."

Burr Gordon went past his cousin with a smothered ejaculation. Lot laughed again, and tramped, coughing, away to the Hautville house. When he drew near the house the chorus within were still practising "Strike the Timbrel." When he opened the door and entered, there was no cessation in the music, but suddenly the girl's voice seemed to gain new impulse and hurl itself in his face like a war-trumpet.

Burr Gordon kept on to Minister Jonathan Fair's great house in the village, next the tavern. There was a light in the north parlor, and he knew Dorothy was expecting him. He raised the knocker, and knew when it fell that a girl's heart within responded to it with a wild beat.

He waited until there was a heavy shuffle of feet in the hall and the door opened, and Minister Fair's black servant-woman stood there flaring a candle before his eyes.

"Who be you?" said she, in her rich drone, which had yet a twang of hostility in it.

Burr Gordon ignored her question.

"Is Miss Dorothy at home?" said he.

"Yes, she's at home, I s'pose," muttered the woman, grudgingly. She distrusted this young man as a suitor for Dorothy. The girl's mother had long been dead, and this old dark woman, whose very thoughts seemed to the village people to move on barbarian pivots of their own, had a jealous guardianship of her which exceeded that of her father.

Now she filled up the doorway before Burr Gordon with her majestic, palpitating bulk, her great black face stiffened back with obstinacy. It was said that she had been born in Africa, and had been a princess in her own country; and, indeed, she bore herself like one now, and held up her orange-turbaned head as if it were crowned, and bore her candle like a flaming sceptre which brought out strange gleams of color and metallic lustres from her garments and the rows of beads on her black neck.

Burr Gordon made an impatient yet deferential motion to enter.

"I would like to see her a few minutes if she is at home," said he.

The woman muttered something which might have been in her native dialect, the words were so rolled into one another under her thick tongue. Her small, sharp eyes

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were fairly malicious upon the young man's handsome face.

"I don't know what you say," he said, half angrily. "Can't I see her?"

"She's in the north parlor, I s'pose," muttered the black woman; and she stood aside and let Burr Gordon pass in, following him with her hostile eyes as he opened the north-parlor door. Dorothy Fair sat with her embroidery-work at the mahogany table, whereon a whole branch of candles burned in silver sticks. She was working a muslin collar for her own adornment, and she set a fine stitch in a sprig before she rose up, either to prove her self-command to herself or to Burr Gordon. She had also held herself quiet during the delay in the hall.

Dorothy Fair came of a gentle and self-controlled race of New England ministers; but now her young heart carried her away. She stood up; her embroidery, with her scissors and bodkin, slid to the ground, and she came forward with her fair curls dropping around a face pink and smiling openly with love like a child's, and was, seemingly half of her own accord, in Burr Gordon's arms with her lips meeting his; and then they sat down side by side on the north-parlor sofa.

Dorothy Fair's face was very sweet to see; her blue eyes and her soft lips were innocent and fond under her lover's gaze. Her little white hand clung to his like a baby's. There was a sweet hollow under her chin, above her fine lace collar. Her soft, fair curls smelt in his face of roses and lavender. The utter daintiness of this maiden Dorothy Fair was a separate charm and a fascination full of subtle and innocent earthiness to the senses of a lover. She appealed to his selfish delight like a sweet-scented flower, like a pink or a rose.

Lot Gordon had been only half right in his analysis of his cousin's wooing. When Burr sat with his arm around this maiden's waist, with his face bent tenderly down toward the soft, pink cheek on his shoulder, this sweetness near at hand was wellnigh sufficient for him,and Dorothy's shy murmur of love in his ear overcame largely the memory of the other's wonderful song. A bee cares only for the honey and not for the flower, therefore one flower is as dear to him as another; and so it is with many a lover when he gets fairly to tasting love. The memory of the rose before fades, even if he never wore it. Then, too, Burr Gordon had a sense of approbation from his shrewder self which sustained him. This Dorothy Fair, the minister's daughter, of gentle New England lineage, the descendant of college-learned men, and of women who had held themselves with a fine dignity and mild reserve in the village society, the sole heiress of what seemed a goodly property to the simple needs of the day, appealed to his reason as well as his heart. He remained until near midnight, while the old black woman crouched with the patience of a watching animal outside the door, and he wooed Dorothy Fair with ardor and delight, although her softly affectionate kisses were to Madelon Hautville's as the fall of snowflakes to drops of warm honey. And although after he had gone home and fallen asleep his dreams were mixed, still when he waked with the image of Madelon between himself and Dorothy, because sleep had set his heart free, it was still with that sense of approbation.

Madelon Hautville was not considered a fair match for a young man who had claims to ambition. The Hautville family held a peculiar place in public estimation. They belonged not to any defined stratum of the village society, but formed rather a side ledge, a cropping, of quite another kind, at which people looked askance. One reason undoubtedly was the mixture of foreign blood which their name denoted. Anything of alien race was looked upon with a mixture of fear and aversion in this village of people whose blood had flowed in one course for generations. The Hautvilles were said to have French and Indian blood yet, in strong measure, in their veins; it was certain that they had both, although it was fairly back in history since the first Hautville, who, report said, was of a noble French family, had espoused an Iroquois Indian girl. The sturdy males of the family had handed down the names and the characteristics of the races through years of intermarriage with the English settlers. All the Hautvilles —the father, the four sons, and the daughter —were tall and dark, and straight as arrows, and they all had wondrous grace of manner, which abashed and half offended, while it charmed, the stiff village people. Not a young man in the village, no matter how finely attired in city-made clothing, had the courtly air of these Hautville sons, in their rude, half woodland garb; not a girl, not even Dorothy Fair, could wear a gown of brocade with the grace, inherited from a far-away French grandmother, with which Madelon Hautville wore indigo cotton.

Moreover, the whole family was as musical as a band of troubadours,and while that brought them into constant requisition and gave them an importance in the town, it yet caused them to be held with a certain cheapness. Music as an end of existence and means of livelihood was lightly estimated by the followers of the learned professions, the wielders of weighty doctrines and drugs, and also by the tillers of the stern New England soil. The Hautvilles, furnishing the music in church, and for dances and funerals, were regarded much in the light of mountebanks, and jugglers with sweet sounds. People wondered that Lot and Burr Gordon should go to their house so much. Not a week all winter but Burr had been there once or twice and Lot had been there nearly every night when his cousin was not. And he stayed late also—this night he outstayed Burr at Dorothy Fair's. The music was kept up until a late hour, for Madelon proposed tune after tune with nervous ardor when her father and brothers seemed to flag. Nobody paid much attention to Lot; he was too constant a visitor. He settled into a favorite chair of his near the fire, and listened with the firelight playing over his delicate, peaked face. Now and then he coughed.

Old David Hautville, the father, stood out in front of the hearth by his great bass-viol, leaning fondly over it like a lover over his mistress. David Hautville was a great, spare man—a body of muscles and sinews under dry, brown flesh, like an old oak-tree. His long, white moustache curved toward his ears with sharp sweeps, like doves' wings. His thick, white brows met over his keen black eyes. He kept time with his head, jerking it impatiently now and then, when some one lagged or sped ahead in the musical race.

Three of the Hautville sons were men grown. One, Louis, laid his dark, smooth cheek caressingly against the violin which he played. Eugene sang the sonorous tenor, and Abner the bass, like an organ. The youngest son, Richard, small and slender as a girl, so like Madelon that he might have been taken for her had he been dressed in feminine gear, lifted his eager face at her side and raised his piercing, sweet treble, which seemed to pass beyond hearing into fancy. Madelon, her brown throat swelling above her lace tucker, like a bird's, stood in the midst of the men, and sang and sang, and her wonderful soprano flowed through the harmony like a river of honey; and yet now and then it came with a sudden fierce impetus, as if she would force some enemy to bay with music. Madelon was slender, but full of curves which were like the soft breast of a bird before an enemy. Sometimes as she sang she flung out her slender hands with a nervous gesture which had hostility in it. Truth was that she hated Lot Gordon both on his own account and because he came instead of his cousin Burr. She had expected Burr that night; she had taken his cousin's hand on the doorlatch for his. He had not been to see her for three weeks, and her heart was breaking as she sang. Any face which had appeared to her instead of his in the doorway that night would have been to her as the face of a bitter enemy or a black providence, but Lot Gordon was in himself hateful to her. She knew, too, by a curious revulsion of all her senses from unwelcome desire, that he loved her, and the love of any man except Burr Gordon was to her like a serpent.

She would not look at him, but somehow she knew that his eyes were upon her, and that they were full of love and malice, and she knew not which she dreaded more. She resolved that he should not have a word with her that night if she could help it, and so she urged on her father and her brothers with new tunes until they would have no more, and went off to bed—all except the boy Richard. She whispered in his ear, and he stayed behind with her while she mixed some bread and set it for rising on the hearth.

Lot Gordon sat watching her. There was a hungry look in his hollow blue eyes. Now and then he coughed painfully, and clapped his hand to his chest with an impatient movement.

"Well, whether I ever get to heaven or not, I've heard music," he said, when she passed him with the bread-bowl on her hip and her soft arm curved around it. He reached out his slender hand and caught hold of her dress-skirt; she jerked away with a haughty motion, and set the bowl on the hearth.

"You'd better rake down the fire now, Richard," said she.

The boy jostled Lot roughly as he passed around him to get the fire-shovel. Lot looked at the clock, and the hand was near twelve. He arose slowly.

"I met Burr on his way down to Parson Fair's," he said.

Madelon covered up the bread closely with a linen towel. There was a surging in her ears, as if misery itself had a veritable sound, and her face was as white as the ashes on the hearth, but she kept it turned away from Lot.

"Well," said he, in his husky drawl, "a rose isn't a rose to a bee, she's only a honey-pot; and she's only one out of a shelfful to him; she can't complain, it's what she was born to. If she finds any fault it's got to be with creation, and what's one rose to face creation? There's nothing to do but to make the best of it. Good night, Madelon."

"Good night," said Madelon. The color had come back to her cheeks, and she looked back at him proudly, standing beside her bread-bowl on the hearth.

Lot passed out, turning his delicate face over his shoulder with a subtle smile as he went. Richard clapped the door to after him with a jar that shook the house, and shot the bolt viciously.

"I'll get my gun and follow him if you say so, and then I'll find Burr Gordon," he said, turning a furious face to his sister.

"Would you make me a laughing-stock to the whole town?" said she. "Rake down the fire; it's time to go to bed."

She looked as proudly at her brother as she had done at Lot. The resemblance between the two faces faded a little as they confronted each other. A virile quality in the boy's anger made the difference of sex more apparent. He looked at her, holding his wrath, as it were, like a two-edged sword which must smite some one.

"If I thought you cared about that man that has jilted you—and I've heard the talk about it," said he, "I'd feel like shooting you."

"You needn't shoot," returned Madelon.

The boy looked at her as angrily as if she were Burr Gordon. Suddenly her mouth quivered a little and her eyes fell. The boy flung both his arms around her.

"I don't care," he said, brokenly, in his sweet treble—"I don't care, you're the handsomest girl in the town, and the best and the smartest, and not one can sing like you, and I'll kill any man that treats you ill—I will, I will!"

He was sobbing on his sister's shoulder; she stood still, looking over his dark head at the snow-hung window and the night outside. Her lips and eyes were quite steady now; she had recovered self-control when her brother's failed him, as if by some curious mental seesaw.

"No man can treat me ill unless I take it ill," said she, "and that I'll do for no man. There's no killing to be done, and if there were I'd do it myself and ask nobody. Come, Richard, let me go; I'm going to bed." She gave the boy's head a firm pat. "There is a turnover in the pantry, under a bowl on the lowermost shelf," said she; and she laughed in his passionate, flushed face when he raised it.

"I don't care, I will!" he cried.

"Go and get your turnover; I saved it for you," said she, with a push.

Neither of them dreamed that Lot Gordon had been watching them, standing in a snowdrift under the south window, his eyes peering over the sill, his forehead wet with a snow-wreath, stifling back his cough. When at last the candlelight went out in the great kitchen he crept stiffly and wearily through the snow.

CHAPTER II

Lot Gordon lived about half a mile away in the old Gordon homestead alone, except for an old servant-woman and her husband, who managed his house for him and took care of the farm. Lot himself did not work in the common acceptance of the term. His father had left him quite a property, and he did not need to toil for his bread. People called him lazy. He owned nearly as many books as the parson and the lawyer. He often read all night, it was said, and he roamed the woods in all seasons. Under low-hanging winter boughs and summer arches did Lot Gordon pry and slink and lie in wait, his fine, sharp face peering through snowy tunnels or white spring thickets like a white fox, hungrily intent upon the secrets of nature.

There was a deep mystery in this to the village people. They could not fathom the reason for a man's haunting wild places like a wild animal unless he hunted and trapped like the Hautville sons. They were suspicious of dark motives, upon which they exercised their imaginations.

Lot Gordon's talk, moreover, was an enigma to them. He was no favorite, and only his goodly property tempered his ill repute. People could not help identifying him, in a measure, with his noble old house, with the stately pillared portico, with his silver-plate and damask and mahogany, which his greatgrandfather had brought from the old country, with his fine fields and his money in the bank. He held, moreover, a large mortgage on the house opposite, where Burr Gordon lived with his mother. Burr's father and Lot's, although sons of one shrewd father, had been of very different financial abilities. Lot's father kept his property intact, never wasting, but adding from others' waste. Burr's plunged into speculation, built a new house, for which he could not pay, married a wife who was not thrifty, and when his father died had anticipated the larger portion of his birthright. So Lot s father succeeded to nearly all the family estates, and in time absorbed the rest. Lot, at his father's death, had inherited the mortgage upon the estate of Burr and his mother. Burr's father had died some time before. Lot was rumored to be harder, in the matter of exacting heavy interest, then his father had been. It was said that Burr was far behind in his payments, and that Lot would foreclose. Burr had a better head than his father's, but he had terrible odds against him. There was only one chance for his release from difficulty, people thought. All the property, by a provision in the grandfather's will, was to fall to him if Lot died unmarried. Lot was twenty years older than Burr, and he coughed.

"Burr Gordon ain't makin' out much now," people said; "the paint's all off his house and his land's run down, but there's dead men's shoes with gold buckles in the path ahead of him."

Burr thought of it sometimes, although he turned his face from the thought, and Lot considered it when he took the mortgage note out of his desk and scored another instalment of unpaid interest on it.

"If a man's only his own debtor he won't be very hard on himself," he said aloud, and laughed. Old Margaret Bean, his housekeeper, looked at him over her spectacles, but she did not know what he meant. She prepared many a valuable remedy for his cough from herbs and roots, but Lot would never taste them, and she made her old husband swallow them all as preventives of colds, that they should not be wasted. Lot was coughing harder lately. To-night, after he returned from the Hautvilles', he had one paroxysm after another. He did not go to bed, but huddled over the fire, wrapped in a shawl, with a leather-bound book on his knees, all night, holding to his chest when he coughed, then turning to his book again.

When daylight was fully in the room he blew out the candle, and went over to the window and looked out across the road at the house opposite, which had always been called the "new house" to distinguish it from the old Gordon homestead. It was not so solid and noble as the other, but it had sundry little touches of later times, which his father had always characterized as wasteful follies. For one thing, it was elevated ostentatiously far above the road-level upon terraces surmounted by a flight of stone steps. It fairly looked down, like any spirit of a younger age, upon the older house, which might have been regarded in a way as its progenitor.

The smoke was coming out of the kitchen-chimney in the ell. Lot Gordon looked across. Burr was clearing the snow from the stone steps over the terraces. There had never been any lack of energy and industry in Burr to account for his flagging fortunes. He arose betimes every morning. Lot, standing well behind the dimity curtain, watched him flinging the snow aside like spray, his handsome face glowing like a rose.

"I suppose he is going to the party at the tavern to-night," Lot murmured. Suddenly his face took on a piteous, wistful look like a woman's; tears stood in his blue eyes. He doubled over with a violent fit of coughing, then went back to his chair and his book.

This party had been the talk of the village for several weeks. It was to be an unusually large one. People were coming from all the towns roundabout. Burr Gordon had been one of the ringleaders of the enterprise. All day long he worked over the preparations, dragging out evergreen garlands from under the snow in the woods, cutting hemlock boughs, and trimming the ballroom in the tavern. Toward night he heard a piece of news which threatened to bring everything to a standstill. The dusk was thickening fast; Burr and the two young men who were working with him were hurrying to finish the decorations before candlelight when Richard Hautville came in. Burr started when he saw him. He looked so like his sister in the dim light that he thought for a moment she was there.

Richard did not notice him at all. He hustled by him roughly and approached the two other young men.

"Louis can't fiddle to-night," he announced curtly.

The young men stared at him in dismay.

"What's the trouble?" asked Burr.

"He's hurt his arm," replied Richard; but he still addressed the other two, and made as if he were not answering Burr.

"Broke it?" asked one of the others.

"No; sprained it. He was clearing the snow off the barn roof and the ladder fell. It's all black-and-blue, and he can't lift it enough to fiddle to-night."

The three young men looked at one another.

"What's going to be done?" said one.

"I don't know," said Burr. "There's Davy Barrett, over to the Four Corners—I suppose we might get him if we sent right over."

"You can't get him," said Richard Hautville, still addressing the other two, as if they had spoken. "Louis said you couldn't. His wife's got the typhus fever, and he's up nights watching with her—won't let anybody else. You can't get him."

Continued on page 12

CINDERELLA'S YOUNGER SISTER

By E. M. JAMESON

"FELICITY is awfully pretty," said Josie, sitting up excitedly in her chair; "in fact," looking at her vis-a-vis as if in defiance of contradiction, "some people think she's lovely."

The little lady in black smiled faintly, and glanced at a photograph which stood upon the bare little mantelpiece, in a shabby frame of brown leather.

From it she glanced at the little champion of Felicity's charms, and a tinge of color threw a glow over her pale, clear-cut face.

"She resembles you, perhaps, Josephine?"

"Me!" exclaimed Josie, in a horrified tone that revealed honesty in every vibration. "Why, she's ever so pretty. Nobody thinks me pretty; not that I know of, at least," she said wistfully.

The little lady patted her cheek.

"It is not improbable that somebody should," she said, rising and looking again at the photograph. "You are very, very like your father."

Josie's face cleared.

"He was such a darling," she said, blinking away a tear; "and though Felicity and I thought him the dearest, handsomest father that ever was, mother said that no one could by any possibility think him good-looking."

The little lady winced, and for a long moment her eyes were held by those of the man in the portrait, a man with stalwart shoulders and a pair of kind, dark eyes that could, she knew, plead as wistfully for love and praise as ever Josie's did.

"Your mother was a very beautiful woman," she said quietly. "I remember her a lovely girl. Felicity, perhaps, is like her."

"I don't quite remember," said Josie thoughtfully. "Felicity has such pretty hair — brown, you know—that's somehow quite like gold when the sun shines; and her eyes are as blue as blue can be — dark-blue. She's pale, really; but when she's excited she gets such a pretty color, a kind of pink I can't describe somehow."

Josie paused for breath.

"She must be very like her mother," said the little lady in black.

"Was it long ago that you knew mother?" asked Josie.

"Years and years ago; long before you and Felicity had been heard of," replied her visitor.

"And father?" asked Josie.

"I knew your father long before that," said the little lady. "He and I were boy and girl together."

Her voice and face changed; and Josie looked into the fire.

"Somehow I can't imagine father a boy," she said, "but of course he must have been. He used sometimes to play with me, but he always looked tired. Felicity remembers him when he wasn't tired and his hair wasn't gray. We often talk of him, you see, Felicity and I, so that I don't know how much is Felicity's idea and how much is mine."

It was evident that the child's whole memory was devoted to her father; and when the listener remembered the shallow nature of the mother she did not feel the surprise that an outsider might have experienced.

"And how do you and Felicity amuse yourselves all day?" asked the visitor.

"There isn't any amusement," said Josie, in a tone of mild expostulation, "except in the evenings when Felicity and I pretend we're going to parties and things, and plan what we'll wear. Of course, it's all just make-believe, but Felicity sometimes dresses up and pretends she's been to the ball, and tells me all about it. I ask her always if she was the belle, but she says that though she isn't exactly a wall—wall—what do you call it?—oh, yes, a wallflower—there were dozens of prettier girls. Of course, I never believe her. And then Felicity says that clothes mean a lot."

"Clothes? Oh, you mean a pretty frock and that? Well, so they do, dear, a great, great deal too much. But what do you do while Felicity is away? What is she away so long for?"

"She teaches music," said Josie, with pride. "She sings beautifully, you know, and she comes home so tired. But she gets better when she's had some tea, and I've unlaced her shoes. She works so hard, and I won't be able to help her for ever so long. I wish I could; but, you see, I'm only ten."

Her listener glanced at the delicate, flushed face, at the thin hands. Josie was a leggy child, too tall for her years; but it was a lovable, delightful little face, with dark eyes that won affection for her wherever she went.

"Well, you may do your share some day," said the little lady, "or perhaps there will be no need."

Josie shook her head.

"There'll always be need," she said, in her most elderly manner; "but Felicity and I plan that we'll work extra hard, so that some day we'll have a dear little cottage in the country, with a donkey and a dairy, and eggs and chickens and cabbages for our very own."

The listener smiled and rose.

"Now that I have found you, you must come and see me sometimes. Josie, do you think Felicity would like to come to a ball I am giving in a week or two?"

Josie's eyes danced.

"Like it? Why, she'd love it, of course. But I'm afraid she can't, thank you. She's nothing to go in, you see, not even an old dress, for she's never been to a ball in her life."

The little lady, moved by a swift impulse, stooped and kissed her.

"You are very like your father, Josephine. Perhaps the fairy godmother may send the frock. Who knows? We shall see."

She gathered her furs closely around her as Josie opened the hall-door and let in some of the fog-laden atmosphere.

"Run in, child, and take care of that cough. You seem to have a bad cold."

"I've had it for ever so long," said Josie, cheerfully. "Is that your automobile? How nice it looks! Good-by!"

The lamps of the automobile flashed dimly through the mist, and then disappeared, just as a girl ran up the steps of the house. Josie flung herself upon her sister.

"Why, how early you are, Felicity! I do wish you'd come one minute earlier. The fairy godmother's just driven off."

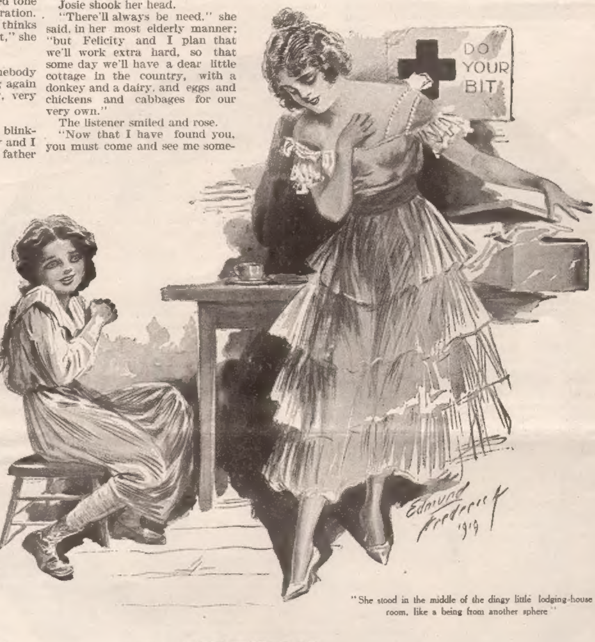
"The what?" asked Felicity, beginning to ascend the stairs with flagging steps—"the what?"

But it was not until tea was made, and two crumpets were toasted, that Josie related the afternoon's adventures.

"A ball!" exclaimed Felicity, in longing tones—"a ball! Imagine, Josie! No make-believe this time; but a real ball, with a band and a well waxed floor! Why, sometimes I wish old Madame What's-her-name hadn't taught me to waltz, I long so much for a dance."

She sat with hands clasped, and looked into the depths of the fire, as if she saw visions. Josie knelt on the rug beside her, with her head on Felicity's knee.

"Well, we're going to see what a real one's like," she said. "You'll go, won't you? if the fairy godmother does send the frock."



"She stood in the middle of the dingy little lodging-house room, like a being from another sphere"

"She won't; and I can't take it if she does," said Felicity. "You see, Cinderella was persuaded into it; and then her godmother was a real fairy, who could just wave her fairy wand instead of sending to a shop and paying by check. There's a difference, you know."

But Josie's face clouded over so darkly that she forbore to say more. Indeed, she found herself rashly promising to agree to any fairy-tale project, and thinking herself perfectly safe in so doing.

For several days Josie watched for the postman. There was nothing to indicate the existence of fairy sponsors, yet hope died hard. She quite imagined that the ball-dress might arrive during Felicity's absence.

One day, there was a great ringing and knocking at the shabby front door. Sometimes the landlady and the little maid were impervious to the noisiest knocks and rings. Josie's heart beat fast. She pushed her painting-materials away and listened eagerly.

Yes; it was something out of the common, and, after a second rousing application of the knocker, the front door was opened, and presently Mrs. Wilkins herself came in, bearing a huge, white cardboard box.

"It's for Miss Felicity," she said, "and a paper to sign."

Josie signed the paper, looking as if big cardboard boxes were an ordinary occurrence, while Mrs. Wilkins looked quite the contrary. Later in the day, a letter came for Felicity, a letter with a delicate perfume and a crest on the flap. Josie placed it in a prominent position on the mantelpiece, and sat with her eyes alternately fixed upon it, the clock, and the cardboard box. It seemed years before Felicity's arrival. Of course, she was later than usual. The car had broken down and she had had to walk part of the way. But it was Friday night, and a whole holiday stretched before them. No more work or separation until Monday dawned.

The letter was opened at once, and they read it together.

"The fairy godmother!" said Josie, in an awestruck voice, her face radiant with pleasure.

But Felicity looked very thoughtful, half annoyed. The letter was kindness itself, and begged that for old acquaintance' sake Felicity would accept the frock and come to the ball, just to give pleasure to her father's oldest friend.

Josie sat down on a little chair, and surveyed Felicity anxiously. Devoted as they were, they did not always think alike, and she greatly feared that Felicity would not go to this first real ball.

"I can't take the frock," said Felicity, presently, knitting her brows perplexedly. "After all, she's a complete stranger to me, and she did not take the trouble to look us up when—when father was here."

"She said she'd only just been able to find us," said Josie; "and you know London is such a huge place."

Felicity nodded abstractedly. There was justice in the statement.

Josie could bear the doubt no longer.

"Aren't you going to look at the frock?" she asked. "Do let's peek, anyway."

There was a quiver in her voice which Felicity realized.

"Oh, we must just see what it's like," she said. "You shall cut the string, Josie."

The cover was soon off, and from amid a multiplicity of tissue-paper wrappings Felicity shook out a soft mass of white-chiffon draperies, with here and there a mysterious touch of silver.

Josie clasped her hands; speech was beyond her. Then she dived into the box. Tucked away in one corner were two little pairs of white satin shoes (one smaller than the other), a pair of silk stockings, a filmy underskirt of lace, and a gossamer handkerchief that Cinderella's fairy godmother could not have improved upon.

"Dress up! do dress up!" pleaded Josie. "I should so like to see someone in a real ball-dress. Go quickly."

"Would you rather help me, or have it all at once?" asked Felicity.

"All at once," said Josie.

Presently there was a little, soft movement beside her, and she opened her eyes.

This dazzling vision could surely never be Felicity! Yet Felicity it was, with a color in her cheeks and a brightness in her eyes that had rarely been seen there before. Josie had always admired her sister, but, until now, she had never realized how lovely she was. The slim, girlish figure in the foamy chiffon gown was perfection—from the soft, piled-up hair down to the toe of the white-satin slipper.

"Well?" asked Felicity, craning her neck to look in the dusky little mirror over the mantelpiece.

Josie still sat with parted lips, hands tightly clasped together.

"Clothes do mean a lot," she said presently. "O Felicity! must you take it off?"

"Well, I certainly cannot go to bed in it," said Felicity, with a little laugh. "I'm afraid to move in it, it's so lovely, much less sit down."

She stood in the middle of the dingy little lodging-house room like a being from another sphere. Then she waltzed a few steps.

"You'll go to the ball," said Josie—"you must."

"I think I must!" exclaimed Felicity. "Fairyland for one night, I think."

"But she wants you to stay a few days," said Josie; "that would be nicer still. You must go, Felicity, just to please me. You can go on Friday, you know, when the ball is, and come back on Monday night. You can manage about the lessons for one day." She consulted the letter once more. "Look,

Concluded on page 16

A Group of Alluring

By EVELYN M.

ALLURING, indeed, because, while not too much work is involved in the production of either of these pieces, all are attractive in the last degree. Scarcely a needleworker who sees them will fail to add at least one of each to her gift-box, even though she should not feel the need of them in her own stock of linens. One bright, busy homemaker recently remarked that when she has nothing else requiring pressing attention she gets out her latest centerpiece and sets a few stitches in it. "There is really nothing I more enjoy doing," she said. "It rests me, and while I like to embroider in a general way, I particularly like to make centerpieces. There is rarely a time when I haven't one on hand, and if I do not happen to need it when it is finished, there could not be a nicer gift, you know, or one better appreciated."

I think most of us agree with her, and so I offer no excuse for presenting some pieces which I consider especially attractive, and which have received the stamp of admiring approval from many friends who have seen them.

To begin, the effect it is possible for a painstaking needleworker to produce by means of the simplest stitches is well illustrated by a handsome centerpiece entirely in solid work. The design itself is most unusual, a graceful wreath or spray, without repetition, which extends very nearly around the twenty-two-inch circle, and surely affords a charming example of what has been aptly termed "the elegance of simplicity." There is no suggestion of "setness" about it, such as is sometimes given by the well-defined separate motif; the design is entirely unstudied and most pleasing. Seed-stitch, in rather heavy floss, is a feature of the work. The six-petaled flowers have the smaller half—if such a definition is permissible — of each petal in well-padded satin-stitch, while the other portion is outlined with cording and filled in with seed-stitch. The oval center of the flower is worked in the same way, the dividing line in that, as in each petal, giving a little less than one half to the satin-stitch. This is true, also, of the long, slender leaves, straight and drooping. The broader, serrate leaves, have a little more than one half filled with seed-stitch, while the other edge is worked in long-and-short stitch. The center of each bud is filled in closely with seed-stitch, and the leaflets which form the leaf-sprays are in padded satin-stitch, with the midrib, the stitches being taken entirely across at the tip, or from one fourth to one third the length of the leaflet. The stems are in stem-stitch, or close outline, and the small, five-petaled flowerets near the end of the curving spray are in guipure relief or Venetian embroidery, so often described—although they may be done in padded satin-stitch, if preferred. To work them as in the model, take a long stitch across base of each petal; on one of these stitches make three close buttonhole-stitches for the first row; returning, make five stitches over three, in next row make seven stitches over five, do two rows without widening, in next row narrow to five stitches, then to three, and catch the tip of petal at top of stamped outline. Make the other petals in same way, and fill the center of floweret with French knots.

The buttonholed edge of the centerpiece consists of triple scallops, one small, one large and one small, and each large scallop has a tiny eyelet in the center, which adds much to the general effect. The lace border may be omitted at pleasure, but will be liked if the centerpiece is to be used as a between-meal cloth; with this addition the piece is nearly thirty inches in diameter. Any handsome handmade lace of desirable width may be used in place of the woven lace shown.

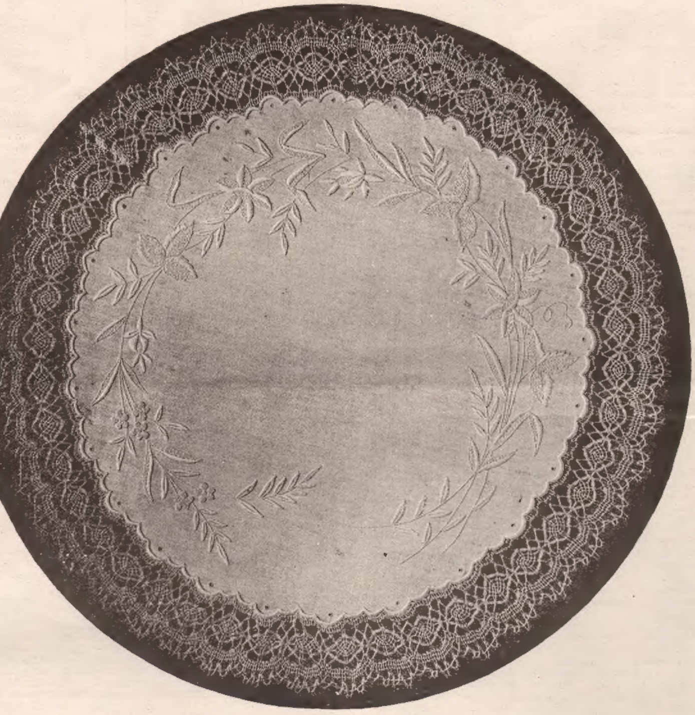
Another centerpiece in solid work, twenty-four inches in diameter when completed, also introduces seed-stitch, combining this in a most artistic way with satin-stitch, well padded. The leaves, filled in with seed-stitch, are outlined with cording—or very narrow satin-stitch; first run the stamped line accurately with short stitches and then overcast these with a second row, or make the second row like the first, having the stitches come between the first. Cover this padding with tiny stitches taken across, picking up very little of the material underneath. Seed-stitch may be called a distinguishing feature of genuine French embroidery—that is, the imported work which was so largely done in France before the great war, and will be again. It is not an obtrusive stitch, but gives always a certain delicacy of effect difficult to attain by other means. The surface of the leaf or other form is simply powdered by tiny stitches made exactly after the manner of the ordinary back-stitch—that is, a short stitch backward on the upper side and a longer one forward, beneath. If a larger stitch or knot is wanted, take a second stitch close beside the first.

All other portions of the design are done in well padded satin-stitch, and the wide scallops are plainly buttonholed. If it is desired to use the centerpiece on the dining-table between meals, a lace border may be added, which would add to the attractiveness of the piece. Lace for the purpose need not be purchased. There are many suitable and very pleasing designs in handmade laces — crocheted, knitted, tatted or netted; the thread should be suited to the fabric, and a rather simple pattern is better than an elaborate one, on the principle that a plain frame is selected to bring out the beauty of a handsome picture. Most straight laces, in crochet, may be properly curved by using a double instead of treble at the selvage edge.

There is always a place for the sixteen-inch centerpiece —and please remember that the sizes suggested are of the finished work, not the stamped linens, which measure two inches more. Two such pieces, either matching or unlike, serve to protect the sideboard quite as effectively as does the scarf so frequently used, and afford a pleasing change, while they are "just right" for the serving-table, and for the small tables of different sizes to be found in every room in the house. A centerpiece intended to hold a dish of fruit is charmingly suited to such purpose. Graceful sprays of wild-carrot combine with grape-clusters and leaves to form the motifs, irregular as to size and arrangement, and which are connected by a circle of solid embroidery. The leaves are edged with long-and-short stitch, with veining of outline-stitch, the grapes are in heavily padded satin-stitch, as are the leaflets, while the tiny wild-carrot blossoms are represented by French knots. The irregularity of the scalloped edge adds to the attractiveness of the piece, which cannot fail to please.

Another centerpiece — thirteen inches, finished—is also a most desirable size for the small occasional table which finds a useful place all over the house, holding a book, or a workbasket, or bowl of flowers, fruit or bonbons. The design is of solid embroidery with an eyelet at center of each flower, just the touch needed to lend lightness to the general effect, while the edge is finished with scallops of uniform size.

The occasional doily, too, serves a multitude of purposes. Used on the polished table of library or living-room, they prevent marring or scratching of the wood by the bonbon-dish, flower-bowl or other similar article which so often finds a place there. They are used on the sideboard, and the mantel-shelf, in the china-closet—there is always and everywhere a place for the pretty doily. One bright homemaker is fitting out her tea-table with "no two alike," and heartily wishes all her friends will remember her with a doily at Christmas-time! Doubtless there are many like her; certainly such a



No. 206 A. Unusual and Artistic, Both in Design and Treatment

In order to make the needlework pages of especial interest and value to every member of THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S large household, the editor asks the hearty cooperation of all. Every variety of needlework will be represented from month to month. If you have an original or especially desirable lace-pattern or bit of practical needlework, please share it with others by sending it to THE NEEDLEWORKER. Address all communications for this department to EMMA C. MONROE,

Care The American Woman, Augusta, Maine

No. 206 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 25 cents. Transfer-pattern 15 cents. Stamped on 24-inch white butcher-cloth, 50 cents. Floss to embroider, 28 cents extra

No. 207 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 25 cents. Transfer-pattern, 10 cents. Stamped on 18-inch white butcher-cloth, 25 cents. Floss to embroider, 21 cents extra

No. 208 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 20 cents. Transfer-pattern, 10 cents. Stamped on 15-inch white butcher-cloth, 20 cents. Floss to embroider, 20 cents extra

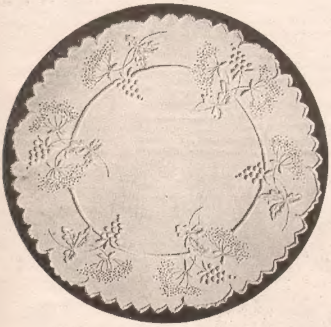
No. 209 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 15 cents. Transfer-pattern, 10 cents. Stamped on 12-inch butcher-cloth, 10 cents. Floss to embroider, 7 cents extra

No. 210 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 25 cents. Transfer-pattern, 15 cents. Stamped on 27-inch white butcher-cloth, 60 cents. Floss to embroider, 28 cents extra

No. 211 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 25 cents. Transfer-pattern, 15 cents. Stamped on 36-inch white butcher-cloth, 75 cents. Floss to embroider, 56 cents extra

and Charming Centerpieces

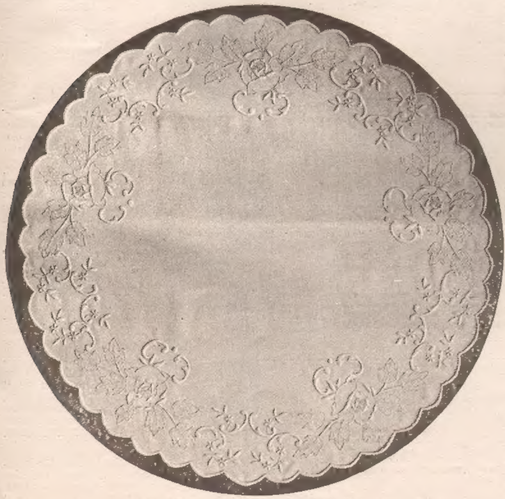
SOUTHEND



No. 207 A. Just the Piece To Hold a Fruit-Dish

gift will never come amiss. The doily illustrated is worked almost entirely in padded satin-stitch, with an eyelet for each flower-center, and tipping each of three radiating stems at the edge. This is one of many designs which may be so changed by diversity of application as to be scarcely recognizable. For example, if the daisy-petals were to be eyeleted, with a solid dot at center, the effect would be entirely different. As worked, the doily is heavier in appearance, yet very attractive.

A handsome teacloth or large, square centerpiece, has come to be considered an essential part of every well-stocked linen-closet; and the one illustrated is distinctive as to design, and well-balanced in its combination of solid and eyelet work. Elaborate in effect, there is yet not so much time and labor involved as in many another much smaller piece, as close inspection of the worked design will disclose. The treatment is bold and all the more pleasing because so unusual. A large, five-petaled flower occupies the center of the corner, outlined with padded satin-stitch, with a circle of eyelets for the center and a line of eyelets, three in number, across the top of each petal. The large leaves are outlined in the same manner, the lines of veining being terminated with a single large eyelet, while the outlining of smaller leaves, sprays and other sections with eyelets gives lightness and grace to a design that, worked solidly throughout, might be rather heavy. The work is connected at each side by a single eyelet, which makes the design continuous. The edge is finished with wide, shallow scallops, each consisting of several tiny ones. The piece is nearly one yard square, and makes a lovely between-meal cloth for a large, square dining-table.



No. 210 A. Seed-Stitch Is a Feature Here, Also

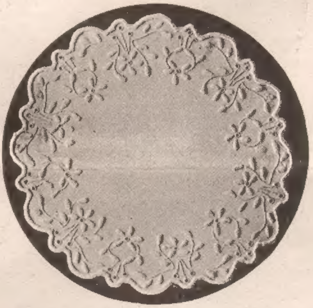
Needlepoints

FLOSSIE Ellrick, Illinois.—"Work back from *," in the directions referred to, means that you are to start at the * and work backward, or reverse the directions, thus: Chain 4, a double treble under 3 chain, chain 4, 4 trebles, 4 spaces. Space is saved by this method.

MRS. E. H., Washington.—Send to The American Woman, Augusta, Maine, giving the number of the stamped article wanted, and enclosing the price stated in the paper. You will be able to obtain pieces illustrated at any time, as the designs are kept from month to month. Will other friends who have made similar inquiries in regard to stamped goods, transfer-patterns or perforated patterns, kindly note this reply?

E. H., Tennessee.—Samples are always returned if request that this be done is made at time of sending, and postage enclosed for the purpose. If used for illustration, the pieces are returned free of charge, the stamps enclosed for return being refunded.

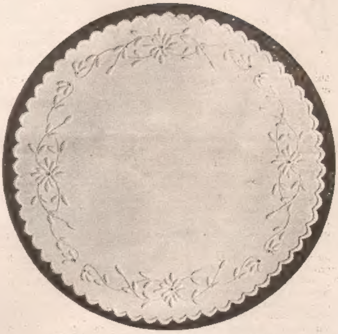
M. B. W., Alabama.—The very best way to provide any of the "motto" laces is by means of different alphabets in cross-stitch, which may be worked out in filet-crochet. These alphabets, small and large, are used in making motto pillows, the design for which, arranged to the fancy of the worker, may first be marked off on checked paper and copied from that.



No. 209 A. The Occasional Doily Serves a Multitude of Uses

L. C. F., Indiana. — Tatting is as easily made with two colors as with one. If you wish the rings of color, wind the shuttle with the colored thread; if the chains, use color for the second or spool-thread, and work as usual. "Modern tatting," so called, has only the picots required for joining the different parts — or very few more than required for this purpose. I shall be very glad, indeed, of the pretty designs you offer — always if they have not previously appeared. And I certainly appreciate your kind wishes for our needlework department, and am glad to know it is such a help and pleasure to you.

ELLA B., Ohio.—The size and number of doilies required for a "set" depend on what the set is to be used for. A luncheon- or breakfast-set, for the table, usually has three sizes of doilies, that for the service-plate measuring ten or twelve inches in diameter, for the bread-and-butter plate six or seven inches, and for the cup or tumbler four to five inches — these in addition to the centerpiece, twenty-two to twenty-four inches. There is a decided fancy just now for the "three-in-one" set, so called because the doily is of one size, oblong, twelve by eighteen inches, and takes plates and cup. The centerpiece of such a set is eighteen inches square.



No. 208 A. A Desirable Cover for the Small Table

Requests

I WISH to obtain a pattern in filet-crochet, representing two doves on a stand, surrounded by a wreath of roses and leaves, to be used as a centerpiece. —*Mrs. Jennie Duty, Michigan.*

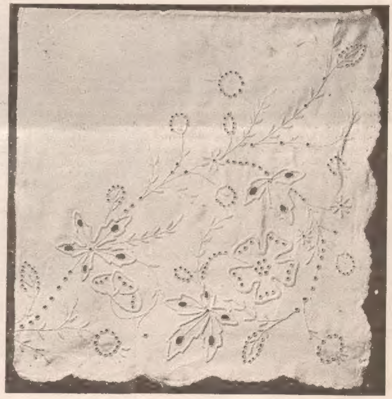
WILL some contributor kindly send a crocheted star-centerpiece, with directions for making?—*A Subscriber, Pennsylvania.*

I SHOULD very much like to make a tatted border of heavy thread, suitable for trimming pillow-slips, also a yoke of fine thread for a camisole. Will some one who has such a design kindly send it?—*Treva Stafford, North Carolina.*

I WISH some new and pretty crochet-designs for dresser-scarfs, pillow-slips, yokes, doilies, collars, and so on, and am depending on The American Woman's needle-workers to furnish them.—*Miss J. K., Mississippi.*

OUR department is certainly "the best ever." Will not some contributor send a bonnet for baby, with yoke and sleeves, also little slippers, to match? Should like them in filet-crochet or tatting—or both, if not asking too much, as I have two little ones, twins, to provide dainty things for.—*Mrs. B. D. G., Maine.*

I AM looking for pretty laces and insertions, different width, for trimmings. Would like some with corners turned, for curtains and tea-cloths or table-covers, also corners for napkins and tray-covers. I am filling my "hope-chest" with my own handiwork. I prefer filet-crochet, but any new and pretty designs will be very acceptable.—*Miss E. G., New Hampshire.*



No. 211 A. Showing a Well-Balanced and Distinctive Design

An Attractive Sweater in Filet-Crochet

By MRS. EDNA WEEKS

MATERIALS required are 14 ounces of knitting-yarn, any desired color, pearl buttons, four for the front, and four to attach the sash at the back, and a hook that will carry the yarn smoothly, and give firm, even work. Beginning the back, make a chain of 168 stitches, turn.

1. Miss 3, a treble in each of 165 stitches, turn.

2. Chain 5, miss 2, 1 treble (for 1st space), 54 more spaces (of chain 2, miss 2, 1 treble), turn.

3. One space, 16 trebles, (3 spaces, 16 trebles) 6 times, 1 space, turn.

4. (One space, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles) 6 times, 1 space, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, turn.

5. One space, (4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 3 spaces) 6 times, (4 trebles, 1 space) 3 times, turn.

6. One space, 4 trebles, (3 spaces, 16 trebles) 6 times, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, turn.

7, 8, 9, 10. Fifty-five spaces.

11 to 18. Like 3d to 10th row. This completes the border.

19. Two spaces, (4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 5 spaces) 6 times, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

20. Three spaces, 4 trebles, (7 spaces, 4 trebles) 6 times, 3 spaces, turn.

21. Like 19th.

22 to 26. All spaces.

27. Six spaces, (4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 5 spaces) 5 times, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, turn.

28. Seven spaces, (4 trebles, 7 spaces) 6 times, turn.

29. Like 27th row.

30 to 34. All spaces.

Repeat from 19th row until you have completed the 53d row which will be like the 21st.

54, 55, 56. All spaces.

57. Chain 6, a treble in last treble made, to widen a space, 55 spaces, chain 2, a double treble in same stitch with last treble, to widen, turn.

58. Fifty-seven spaces.

59. Widen, 7 spaces, and continue like 27th row, ending with 7 spaces, widen. This adds 4 spaces to the width of back, sloping the underarm.

60. Nine spaces, and continue like 28th row, ending with 9 spaces; then for the sleeve make a chain of 106 stitches, turn.

61. Thirty-four spaces on chain, 8 spaces, and continue like 27th row, ending with 8 spaces. For the other sleeve you may either take a length of yarn, fasten in the same stitch with last treble and make a chain of 102 stitches, then continue the row with 34 spaces on chain; or, additional spaces for sleeve may be made thus: After completing the 8 spaces, chain 5, a treble in same stitch with last treble, * turn, chain 5, treble in 3d of 5 chain, and repeat.

62 to 66. All spaces. At end of each row make a double instead of treble to draw the sleeve in at the cuff.

67 to 74. Like 27th to 34th, only with more repeats of the pattern.

75, 76, 77. Like 19th, 20th and 21st rows.

78, 79, 80. All spaces.

81, 82. Fifty-seven spaces.

83, 84, 85. Same as 27th, 28th and 29th.

Continue with the pattern, alternating the "stars," and widening 1 space at the end of every row at the neck (not at the beginning of return row from the neck), until you have completed 20 rows, which finishes the sleeve. Leave 34 spaces for sleeve. Work back and forth across the front, widening as directed, until you have added 14 spaces in all, increase 2 spaces under the arm as in the back, then work the front straight, with 4 trebles at the edge, each row toward front, and finish with the border to match the back.

Do the other front in same way, leaving 13 spaces for back of neck. Sew up the sleeves and underarm seams, matching the spaces neatly.

For the cuffs: Fasten yarn at end of seam, chain 3, for a treble, work around the edge of sleeve with a treble in each space, join to top of 3 chain.

2. Chain 5, 16 spaces, join to 3d of 5 chain.

3. One space, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 16 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, join. Begin each row with 5 chain for 1st space, and join last 2 chain to 3d of 5 chain for last space of row.

4. (One space, 4 trebles) 3 times, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, (1 space, 4 trebles) twice, 2 spaces, join.

5. One space, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, (1 space, 4 trebles) twice, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, join.

6. One space, 16 trebles, 3 spaces, 16 trebles, 2 spaces, join.

7, 9. Sixteen spaces.

8, 10. Chain 3, a treble in each stitch all around, join; fasten off.

For the Collar: Chain 120 stitches, turn.

1. Miss 3, a treble in each stitch of chain, turn.

2. Edge (of chain 3, 3 trebles in 3 trebles), 37 spaces; edge (of 4 trebles).

3. Edge; 4 spaces, 16 trebles, (3 spaces, 16 trebles) 3 times, 4 spaces; edge.

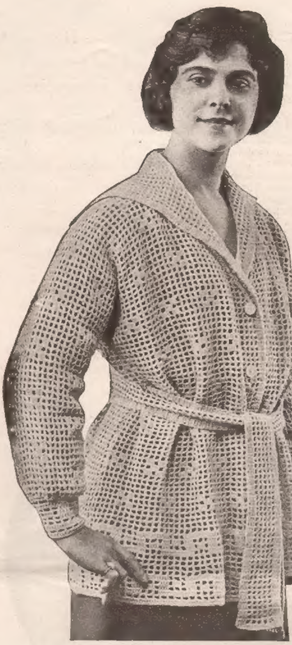
4. Edge; 4 spaces, * 4 trebles, 3 spaces, (4 trebles, 1 space) twice, repeat from * twice, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.

5. Edge; 4 spaces, * (4 trebles, 1 space) twice, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, repeat from * twice, (4 trebles, 1 space) twice, 4 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.

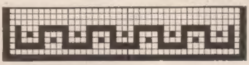
6. Edge; 4 spaces, 4 trebles, (3 spaces, 16 trebles) 3 times, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.

7 to 23. Like 2d row.

24, 26. Edge; 13 spaces, turn.



An Attractive Sweater in Filet-Crochet

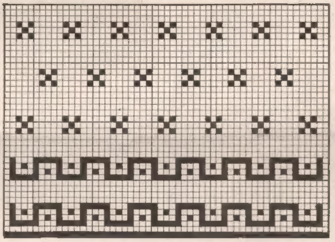


Detail of Collar

25, 27. Thirteen spaces; edge.

28. Edge; 12 spaces, a double treble in next treble to narrow a space, turn.

29. Twelve spaces; edge.



Detail of Border and Allover Pattern

Continue in this way, narrowing or leaving off a space at the end of every other row, toward the neck, until you have decreased to the 4 trebles, or point of collar in front. Leave 13 spaces for back of neck, make the other front to correspond, and sew in place. For the sash: Make a chain of 25 stitches, turn.

1. Miss 3, a treble in each stitch of chain, turn.

2. Edge; 5 spaces; edge.

Repeat 2d row until the sash is as long as desired, say two yards; finishing with the row of trebles. Sew two pearl buttons 15 spaces from the side seam on the back, one button 3 spaces above the other, at the waistline; sew two more buttons to correspond, 15 spaces from the other side, and button the sash to these by slipping them through 1st and 5th spaces.

Terms Used in Crocheting

Ch, chain: a straight series of loops, each drawn with the hook through the one preceding it. Sc, single crochet: hook through work, thread over and draw through work and stitch on hook at same time. Dc, double crochet: hook through work, thread over and draw through, over, and draw through two stitches on hook. Tc, treble crochet: over, draw thread through work, over, draw through two stitches on hook, over, and draw through remaining two. Stc, short treble crochet: like treble, save that the thread is drawn through the three stitches at once. Dtc, double treble crochet: thread over twice before insertion of hook in work, then proceed as in treble crochet. P, picot: a loop of chain joined by catching in first stitch of chain.

* * *

The Needleworkers' Exchange

WHEN you wish to make several wheels or small designs of tatting, using two threads, wind your shuttle and measure off two or three yards from the spool, marking it by tying around it a bit of thread or making a tiny knot. When you have completed one wheel or medallion, measure the thread you have left and subtract it from the amount first measured, and you will know just how much it takes to make one wheel. You can then unwind the amount from your shuttle, and thus do away to great extent with the much dreaded tying of threads and working in the ends.—*Mrs. J. F. F., Iowa.*

TO finish eyelets neatly, leave the last three stitches loose enough so you can run your needle back through them; tighten each stitch in turn and you will have an eyelet that will not pull out even though the thread is cut close. This is the very best method I have found, so I pass it on.—*Mrs. H. B. Harrington, Maine.*

ONE of our members asked patterns for embroidering or darning Brussels net. Let me suggest to her that any pattern in cross-stitch or filet-crochet which has a vine of small flowers or leaves will serve nicely for her curtains and may be copied in darning. A simple border with space between in which may be worked stars or other figures is also very pretty.—*A. L. S., New Hampshire.*

I HAVE noticed many suggestions in regard to the making of buttonholes that will not tear out, but have found none so good as my own way. Simply insert a strong piece of cloth, linen preferred, about an inch long and as wide as the band, in the end or ends where the buttonholes are to be worked. This should be sewed in with the band and then turned, making it entirely invisible. Mothers of little ones will find it invaluable for the bands of drawers. Belts of dressing-sacks, aprons, etc., are made stronger by this method, the buttonholes outlasting the garment in every case.—*Mrs. C. W. W., New York.*

HOME-DRESSMAKERS will find a pattern pocket a great convenience. Take a strip of plain cloth, of the required length, and make on it as many pockets as there are members of the family. Outline an initial on each pocket and hang in a convenient place, near your sewing-table. Much time will be saved in searching for any particular pattern.—*Mrs. M. B. N., Illinois.*

WHEN you have occasion to darn any garment or article in which you want the work to show as little as possible, try using a thread from the material itself, or a raveling, instead of ordinary thread. A lengthwise raveling is usually stronger and can be used double, if desired. The stitches will be practically invisible. Try this plan and see if you do not receive many compliments on your darning.—*Etta Hutchinson, Massachusetts.*

* * *

Give-and-Take Club

I SHOULD like to make a luncheon-set with corners in grape-and-leaf or vintage pattern, the doilies to be oblong, and centerpiece square, with a motif for the napkins matching the corners. Will some one kindly send it?—*Alice M. Billings, Maine.*

I WISH to knit a bedspread, and have a small square of a pattern I like, with no directions. Four of these joined make a block about five inches square, with four leaves coming together in a cluster at center. The leaf and the plain space each side form one half the tiny square, diagonally, and the other half consists of ribs, probably three rows plain and three purled. Can any one send me this pattern? I shall be very grateful for the favor. — *Mrs. Albert Pierce, R. 4, Greenwich, N. Y.*

IF Mrs. W. D. Church, Montana, will write me I shall be glad to loan her directions and illustration for the pillow-cover asked for. I should gladly send it for publication but have not time to make the sample. Perhaps Mrs. W. D. C. will loan her cover after completing it.—*Mrs. E. J. Nedeau, Box 344, Franklin, N. H.*

I WAS very much pleased with the Oddfellow pillow-cover in December, and wish very much to obtain a Masonic pillow of the same style. Will some one kindly send it?—*Mrs. J. R. S., Bluford, Ill.*

The Picnic Basket

By MARY HARROD NORTHEND

IN preparing a basket for a picnic, great care should be taken that plenty of nourishing food is selected, to fill the smallest possible space, and that there is not an undue proportion of sweets. People, as a rule, make the great mistake of filling their picnic-basket, with indigestibles instead of substantial edibles, for it is an essential feature to have something that will stand by you during the day's outing, when the appetite is keen through life in the open.

One of the things to be taken into consideration, in addition to the food, is the leaving out of weight, and carrying, as far as possible, things that can be burned or thrown away afterward, such as paper plates, napkins, and sanitary cups. These can all be stowed away in small space, leaving plenty of room for substantial foods, and can be destroyed after using.

One of the most appetizing fillings for sandwiches is cottage cheese. It is not necessary to have cream milk for its making, for skimmed milk will answer the purpose as well, but the addition of a little butter or cream when near completion gives it more flavor.

In the making of this cheese, the milk should be poured into a broad, open dish, and left in a warm spot, until the milk has separated and the curd formed. The plate-warmer of a stove is a good place, for the heat is not too great, and it can be covered to keep absolutely clean. After it has separated, it should be strained through a cheesecloth, of fairly coarse weave, into a dish. As you pour in the milk, care must be taken that it does not go over the side of the cloth. Gather the ends together, and tie securely with a string, leaving a loop to hang by, over a dish, to let the water drip out for several hours. Many people hurry the process by pressing the water out, but as this frequently injures the finished product, it is preferable to let it drip. When no water seems to be coming from it, a little salt and pepper, and, if possible, a little butter or cream, should be added, after which it can be formed in balls, or spread on the bread that is to be used for the sandwiches. It is also advisable, to sometimes mix it with some tempting ingredients, to give it more flavor, and vary the monotony of serving the same thing. An excellent rule is one cupful of cottage-cheese, one cup of chopped English walnuts, one cup of bread-crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of chopped onions, two tablespoonfuls of butter, the juice of half a lemon, salt and pepper. Cook the onion in the butter or other fat, and add a little water until tender. Mix the other ingredients, and moisten with the water in which the onion has been cooked, to give it a better flavor.

In order to have sandwiches appetizing, care must be taken in selecting the bread, that it is twenty-four hours old, in order to have it slice nicely. A very sharp knife should be used, and the thin slices should have the crusts trimmed. They are also more attractive by being cut in octagonal or other odd shapes, with either a cutter, or a piece of cardboard cut to imitate some tasty design.

Each sandwich should be wrapped individually in wax-paper, to keep it absolutely fresh, and also to facilitate serving, doing away with handling it, after it is filled.

Sometimes a pasteboard box can do service, instead of a basket, as this can be destroyed afterward, and takes away the burden of carrying an empty basket home. It should be lined, however, with wax-paper, in order to have it fresh and clean. Hard-boiled eggs are always inviting, and can also be wrapped in wax-paper, and stowed away in odd corners, where nothing else would fill in. This makes it possible for practically everything, with the exception of the silver, to be disposed of at the end of the meal.

If one wishes to take a fruit salad, or even lemon or coffee jelly, it can be carried securely in small fruit-jars with screw covers, and proves a delightful addition to the picnic outdoors.

If a basket is carried, it can be tied with twine, and slung from the belt, back of the hip, or over the shoulder, knapsack fashion. This can be accomplished by the use of a sweater, slipping the arm through a loop of the cord, and carrying it army-blanket fashion, across one's shoulder, under the opposite arm, and tying the sweater by the sleeves

Cucumber Sandwiches

PARE and slice cucumbers, stand in cold water for one hour, spread the dressing on the bread, and fill with slices of cucumber.

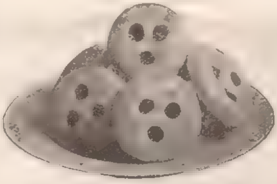
A View of a Picnic Basket, Packed Compactly, All Ready for the Cover

Nut-and-Fruit Sandwiches

MIX equal parts of English walnuts, chopped fine, with chopped figs, and spread on thin slices of bread.

Cheese Sandwich

GRATE cheese, rub it to a paste with melted butter. Season with salt and pepper, and spread

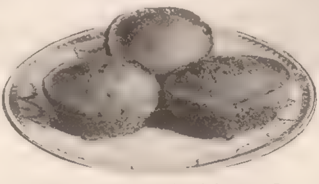

This Shows Pastry Rounds, the Three Holes in Top Being Cut To Look Almost Like Faces

Club Sandwiches

(For One Sandwich)

3 slices toasted bread
thin slice breakfast-bacon
good slice chicken
slice of pickle

PLACE lettuce-leaf on toast, then add slice of chicken, add another slice of toast, with another lettuce-leaf, followed by bacon, topped with third slice of toast. Finish sandwich with thin slice of pickle cut lengthwise of the cucumber.


Chocolate Drop-Cakes, That Are Always So Inviting on a Picnic

Nut-Salad Sandwiches

1 pt. peanuts
4 tablespoonfuls olive-oil
pepper
a little garlic
1 pt. English walnuts
1 tablespoonful vinegar
salt

SHELL peanuts and remove skins, put walnuts through meat-grinder, to make very fine. Make salad-dressing of olive-oil, vinegar, adding salt and pepper to taste. Rub garlic on board to give sufficient flavor. This dressing should be mixed with the nuts, placed on lettuce-leaves, and put between slices of bread.

Olive Sandwiches

BETWEEN thin slices of buttered bread place a layer of Neufchatel cheese, mixed to a paste with equal quantities of cream and salad-dressing, and cover thickly with chopped olives.

Chicken or Ham Sandwiches

¼ lb. butter
minced chicken or ham
little mustard

TAKE butter, and rub into it a little mustard, and add chicken or ham.

Mayonnaise Dressing

yolk hard-boiled egg
oil
lemon-juice
1 raw egg
pepper

HAVE all ingredients and utensils chilled. Put yolk of hard-boiled egg and raw one carefully freed from white, in a bowl. Add salt, and stir until yolks are well mixed, add oil, drop by drop, constantly stirring in same direction, adding drop or two of vinegar, as it is needed, that is, when the emulsion looks oily. As the mixture becomes thick, the oil may be added faster, stirring, not beating, adding acid enough only to keep the dressing from separating. Season with pepper and lemon-juice, and add teaspoonful ice-water.

Pastry Rounds

2 cups flour
¼ cup ice-water
2 oz. butter
¼ teaspoonful salt
½ cup shortening

SIFT flour with salt, and cut in with knife, the shortening. Mix with ice-water into stiff dough. Roll out and spread with one ounce of butter, fold and add a second ounce, same way, making one half cup of shortening in all.

Keep cool as possible. Roll out flat, and cut in rounds, spread lower layer with raspberry jam, and cut three holes with apple-corer in top layer, which lies over lower. Bake in quick oven.

Oatmeal Cookies

1 cup sugar
2 eggs
¾ teaspoonful soda
¾ cup chopped raisins
2 cups oatmeal
¾ cup butter
2 cups flour
1 level teaspoonful baking-powder
1 teaspoonful cinnamon

STIR sugar and butter to a cream, add eggs and flour. Dissolve soda in a little hot water then add with baking-powder. Next add chopped raisins, cinnamon, and oatmeal. Mixture will be very thick, drop from end of spoon and bake in moderate oven. Watch carefully, as they burn easily.

Chocolate Drop-Cakes

3 eggs
1 tablespoonful ground chocolate
small pinch salt
flavor
1 cup sugar
1½ cups flour
1½ teaspoonfuls baking-powder

BEAT eggs until very light, gradually sift in sugar and chocolate. Sift flour three times with baking-powder, add salt and flavoring. Drop by small even teaspoons two inches apart on buttered tins. Bake in quick oven, and watch closely, to prevent burning. Will make three or four dozen.

Lemon Turnovers

1½ cups bread-crumbs
½ cup butter
yolks 2 eggs
2 lemons
2 cups water
2 cups of sugar
white of one egg

DISSOLVE bread-crumbs in water, cream butter and sugar, until they are thick cream. Add yolks of two eggs and white of one beaten stiff. Add juice and grated rind of two lemons, and lastly the bread-crumbs. Fill turnovers, and bake in quick oven.

Apple Turnovers

3 apples
1 cup sugar
1 lemon
½ cup butter

TAKE three firm acid apples, pare, core and quarter them. Cook until tender, and strain through a fine sieve, add to them one lemon, juice and rind, sugar and butter. Fill turnovers, and bake.

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THE AMERICAN WOMAN
Augusta, Maine

MAKE THE KITCHEN ATTRACTIVE

By GORDON HASTINGS

THERE is no reason why the kitchen should not be as attractive as any other room. A century ago it was often the very heart of the home, the pleasantest and most livable place in the whole house. This, of course, was because it was used by people of moderate means as a sitting-room as well as a domestic workshop. These colonial kitchens were always big rooms with two or more sunny windows. They had cavernous fireplaces in which huge wood-fires roared cheerfully, well scoured floors and big center tables usually covered with a bright-red cloth. Shining copper kettles and pewter and old blue china platters on the high mantel-shelf formed a decoration very pleasing to the eye. Now if our forefathers, or rather their wives, had such attractive rooms as this to do their work in, why in this age of progress should we spend a good part of our lives in ugly ones? It is a well known psychological fact that it is easier to work among interesting surroundings than in a place where there is nothing at all to delight or rest the eye, and it is not at all difficult to change almost any kitchen from a dull place of drudgery to one that almost smiles whenever you enter it. It is all a question of a very few dollars rightly laid out.

A Pretty China-Closet Adds Greatly to the Appearance of the Kitchen. Floor Covered with Blue-and-white Linoleum. Walls Pale-Blue, China-Closet and Woodwork Enameled White

So many people over-furnish their parlors and skimp their kitchens, that I often wonder whom they furnish their houses for, their callers or themselves? Certainly your casual visitor, your "parlor company" as a dear old lady I used to know always called people who came in at the front door, is not intensely interested in your furnishings, so why not have a few pretty things elsewhere than in the "company room"?

Now please do not misunderstand the meaning I am trying to convey in the foregoing. I am not for a moment recommending a kitchen full of frills and faddy decorations. The kitchen is a domestic workshop and like all workshops must be absolutely fitted to its purpose and not encumbered with useless trash that will only be in the way. It should be like a hospital in its simplicity and sanitary qualities and all the furnishings selected should be able to stand the test of thorough and regular cleanings with soap and water. But granted all this, it is just as easy to have a pretty kitchen as the usual ugly one, and just as little trouble to keep it clean, too. First make the kitchen efficient and then make it attractive. There is a decided mental effect about a pretty room that goes a great way toward promoting happiness in the household. Why should you not have a color-scheme in the kitchen as well as in any other room? Blue-and-white is a popular combination, but blue-and-brown or buff is pretty and does not show soil as quickly as white woodwork. Green-and-white with a touch of red is just as pleasing and has the added attraction of novelty.

In furnishing the kitchen the first thing to do is to decide on the color of your kitchen ware. It is just as easy and far more satisfactory to have it all in one tint than it is to pick up a gray saucepan here, a white one there, and perhaps a mottled one in some other place. Then if you hang any of your pots and pans around the stove or near the sink as is now done in most model kitchens to save steps you will have something that will blend right in with your color-scheme, and become an important part of your decorations.

The best wall treatment for the kitchen is to have kalsomined or painted walls. Most of the washable papers intended for the kitchen are so glossy that they reflect the light which is hurtful to the eyes and consequently tires the nerves though this is done so unconsciously that the housewife may not be aware of it, but only realizes that her head suddenly feels very tired and aches a little. In the country the kitchen-walls are often whitewashed because this is cheaper. This makes a glaring white background that soon grows dingy-looking. It usually costs about the same to have the whitewash tinted, and the effect of this is very good. Have some yellowish buff, some pale-blue or other desired coloring matter put into the whitewash. In a room the size of the average kitchen it is possible to get an evenly colored wall in this way at a very small expense. Let us suppose you have had your kitchen-walls tinted in a warm buff, your floor covered with a blue-and-white oilcloth or linoleum. You have two windows in the room, perhaps, one east and one north. At the east window by all means have a shelf for geraniums; these plants always do well in a kitchen and add so much to the "homey" look. In front of the window set a comfortable rocker with a cushion. Have narrow side curtains at the windows, with a valance across the top, of checked blue gingham with rather a large check. The rocking-chair cushion is also of the gingham and so is the cover used on the kitchen-table when cooking operations are for a time suspended. A rug on the floor is a decided improvement and rests the feet. One of the inexpensive woven rag rugs now in the market is pretty, or a homemade one of braided rags. In fact, this latter style of rug that our grandmothers used to delight in is by no means despised at present, but is the very height of fashion. I saw one not long ago in an exclusive shop in New York that sold for twenty-five dollars, just because the colors were artistically blended and it was "handwork."

Showing Built-In Shelves and Cupboard in Space between Two Doors. The Walls Are Tinted in a Soft Tan, and the Woodwork Is Grained To Represent Oak. It Can Be Easily Wiped Off and Does Not Show Dirt. The China on Such Shelves Gives a Pretty Decorative Effect

Curtains at the kitchen-window are of course not a necessity, but they add so much to the appearance of the room and are so easily kept clean, if made of serviceable materials, that it is a pity not to have them. Of course, if the stove is near the window, or a gas-jet, or lamp-bracket is right beside it, you should do without curtains because they might catch fire, but even in this case you could have a short valance at the top of each window.

Some old-fashioned kitchens have a mantel. This can be made very decorative indeed if not allowed to degenerate into a catch-all or sort of trash-box for miscellaneous odds and ends. If the mantel is right over the place the stove or range is set in, the woodwork usually gets smoky or dusty-looking in almost no time at all if painted in any light color. When having the kitchen decorated next time have mantel and woodwork around it painted black or a dull red. Then if you set on it the kitchen clock or perhaps a pair of old brass candlesticks or an old yellow pitcher or a green ginger-jar, you will have a most attractive bit of decoration and a background that will not soil and will blend in with almost any color-scheme suitable for the kitchen.

If the kitchen has a southwestern exposure it is sure to look hot most of the year on account of the glare of the sun, so you need to cool it off a bit in your decorations. Have dark-green shades put at each window. You don't know what a comfort these will be in summer. Have the walls tinted pale-blue. You can use gingham curtains with this or curtains of plain blue chambray if you prefer. This color-scheme will tone down the glare and be very restful to the eye. Of course, there is no objection to white curtains in any kitchen if any housewife wants them, except that they have to be washed very often in order to keep them fresh. Some people object to shades in a kitchen because they wish to keep at least one window always open a little at the top for ventilation, and this means a shade always rolled up tight or flapping in the wind. This difficulty can be gotten over without much trouble. Make a valance sixteen or eighteen inches deep and run it right across the window on a small brass rod or a piece of tape and then hang your shade right under the edge of this. In this way, your window can be kept down at the top without interfering in any way with the shade and the valance will not keep out any appreciable amount of air.

I have not mentioned many important details of the kitchen, as this article must of necessity concern itself chiefly with "beautifying;" but I want to say this right here: that convenience and efficiency make for beauty in any kitchen. Have a place for everything and everything in its place; save your steps by making things convenient; and arrange your tools, which in this case are of course your cooking-utensils and supplies, so that you can do your work with the least possible effort.

Now, unfortunately, the average kitchen is not planned with a view of making housework easy. On the contrary it seems to have been tucked in back of the house somewhere as an afterthought of the architect and the poor housewife must often wander miles each day between cupboards, pantries, shelves, table, stove and the like. If your kitchen is like this the best way to obviate such a state of affairs is to sit right down and see if by a little clever planning it is not possible to change the arrangement so as to save needless effort, sometimes such a simple thing as hanging a few pots back of the stove does it, or putting up a row of hooks back of the sink or the work-table to hold needed utensils and then again possibly you have your kitchen table in the wrong place, or you need a kitchen-cabinet or a set of built-in shelves to save many long walks. Set your wits to work right away and see if you cannot make the kitchen really efficient as well as pretty.

THE HOMEMAKER

Continued from page 2

clerk in a store before I went into gardening, and I have had women ask me to put aside something they coveted until they could manage to steal the money from their husbands—that was exactly what it amounted to. In a few days they would bring the money. The shame of it! How can a mother raise honest children when she has to stoop to thievery herself?—for however justifiable such taking of money may be, it is still stealing if it must be gotten slyly and with deception. A wife recently said to me that she told her husband if he would but make her an allowance of two dollars a month she could often get little things she needed, and he answered that she "would only spend it"! I do not see why she stands it; she is stronger, and ought to demand her rights. The work she does is worth ten dollars a week and more—he could not hire a woman to do it for that price. This is the rock on which many matrimonial barks are shipwrecked, and it ought to be done away with. I played when a child with some children who, with their mother, raised a large flock of turkeys for their own, to have some money. The air-castles they built! It was "I am going to buy this, or that, when we sell our turkeys!" Well, the father loaded up the turkeys when they were ready for market, sold them, and put the money he received so deep in his own pocket that they never saw a penny of it. They had no Christmas-gifts. One of the girls managed to get ten cents, saved penny by penny, with which she got the baby some candy "so she would not be without anything." Now that father was a church-member, and stood high in the community. It was only by being with the children that I learned the story. They raised no more turkeys. The mother would sit with folded hands when her household duties were ended. I once overheard her say: "I hope God will give me six years of widowhood." Poor woman! She only had four, but I think they were happy ones for her children were good to her. They left the farm—their lives there had been dreary, and they all hated it. If the mother suffers, so do the children. A young woman of my acquaintance asked the man she was to marry how much money she was to be allowed for her own use, with no questions asked how it was spent. She told him she had heard so many wives complain of the humiliation of having to ask for a little money, that she wanted the matter thoroughly understood before marriage. I think she was wise, although she may not have chosen the best method. You wives who have circumnavigated the matrimonial rock, please tell others how you did it, and encourage many a Bachelor Maid.

West Virginia.

(In my own opinion, husband and wife are literally partners in a nearer and dearer sense than is usually understood by the term, but "partners," still. He does the outside work and the money comes to him—in most instances; she does work that is fully as hard and quite as necessary to the welfare of the home or the "firm," even though she may not "take in" money for it. After paying all expenses of the household for the week or the month the remainder of the income should be divided between the partners, each using his or her share as thought best. It is an interesting and really vital subject, and we shall all be glad of different opinions, or relations of practical experiences.)

Notes and Questions

I wish to obtain a receipt for putting up pie-plant and pineapple together. Will some one kindly send it?

Douglas, Wyo. Mrs. Anna Louis.

(The address wanted is 96 Chambers St., New York City, Department V. L. Please mention The American Woman when you write for a sample copy.)

I have learned that it is not a good plan to use stove-polish on your gas-stove. I made a pad by folding up an old black stocking, catching it in place with a few stitches. On this pad I put a few drops of linseed-oil—I use the oil we have for the automobile—and thoroughly rub the stove all over, also, inside of the oven. This keeps

Continued on page 15

Common-Sense About Health and Good Looks

Proper Care of the Eyes, Nose and Ears

By ELEANOR MATHER

THE eye expresses ill health or fatigue more quickly than any other part of the body because of the delicacy of the nerves and muscles all about it. Contrary to general opinion, the eye itself has no expression. Eyes are bright with health or dull and tired-looking in sickness, but their expression depends wholly upon the lids and the lines at each side of them. Human eyes are nearly all of the same size. This may seem a surprising statement in view of what we see around us every day—this child with beautiful wide-opened eyes almost too big for her face, and that man or woman with mean-looking little pig-eyes. And yet the fact remains that one pair of eyes has about the same dimensions as the other. The reason why one appears big and the other small is the difference in the width of the opening, through which they look. So when we say that a person has beautiful eyes it means simply that the opening between the lids is larger than ordinary.

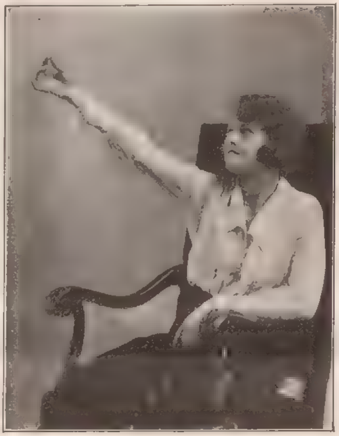
The eyes are one of the most useful of our organs and when we have lost our eyesight we are deprived of a great deal that makes life worth living. The blind, as we all know, can accomplish wonders with their affliction, but what a handicap they have to struggle against and how wonderfully brave they are, almost without exception! So we should take better care of our eyes than we do, for we seldom even begin to appreciate what a blessing they are until we have lost them, or until our sight begins to be defective. Then again, quite apart from their utility, there is a wonderful fascination about fine eyes, and no woman can be considered really beautiful whose eyes are in any way defective, though this does not prevent the woman with small eyes from being most attractive if she has other qualifications. But pretty eyes are capable of making the very plainest face most interesting; so even on the score of looks alone it behooves us to take great care of the eyes.

Most women ill-treat their eyes shamefully in making them work overtime in reading or fine sewing or more or less useless fancy work. To read in the twilight or under a gas-jet or unshaded lamp that flickers is to strain the eyes almost to their limit and slowly lay the foundation for serious eye trouble. Reading in bed is hurtful to the eyes unless the person who reads is bolstered up almost in a sitting-position. The habit of rubbing the eyes, which some women indulge in constantly, is injurious, as the ball of the eye is easily flattened and correct sight thus destroyed. The minute the eyes ache or feel tired the work being done at the moment should be put by and something else taken up that does not call for so great a strain on the optic nerve.

A well known English oculist has lately advised a series of very simple eye-gymnastics that are often most helpful in strengthening the muscles of the eyes, and in this way making the sight stronger and the eyes less liable to fatigue. Now the eye has what is called the faculty of accommodation. Whenever you glance up from an object held nearby to one far away it is necessary for the optic nerve to change its focus as it is called. You know how the photographer is obliged to change the focus of a camera when after taking a nearby group he desires to snap a distant view. Well, the eye has to do this also, but if the sight is perfect it does it so instantaneously that you are not conscious of it. In middle life this faculty is nearly always lost and that is why middle-aged people are usually obliged to take to glasses. In the majority of cases they retain their far sight, but are unable to see objects nearby clearly. It is to put off this condition as long as possible as well as to strengthen the eyes for their work in youth that these exercises were evolved.

"Whenever the eye is used its muscles are brought into play. Look at an object in the distance, or look at another close by, and the eye performs an imperceptible movement, either that of sinking deeper or of rising out of its socket, in order to adapt itself to the range exactly as a telescope is lengthened or shortened for various distances. Every time the eye turns to the left or to the right, or upward or downward, it is controlled by muscles that perform merely the mechanical part of turning the organ of vision. It is in the decline of these muscles where most people ought first of all to seek their complaint.

"Nothing is simpler than to remedy this evil. Sit very erect, gaze straight ahead and throughout the entire exercises hold the head in this position, making it necessary for the eyes alone, and not the muscles of the neck, to come into play during the ensuing gymnastics. Hold any small object, a quarter of a dollar, for instance, between two fingers, and extend the arm straight in front as far as possible, at the same time riveting the gaze on the coin. Always looking at the coin, approach gradually until it is within four inches of the eyes. Then extend to original position and repeat the movement. It will strengthen the muscles controlling the eyes on range adjustment.


EXERCISE FOR THE EYES. Hold Any Small Object, a Quarter of a Dollar for Instance, Between Two Fingers and Extend the Arm Straight in Front as Far as Possible, Riveting the Gaze on the Coin

"For the second exercise, keep the head in the same rigid position as before, and holding the coin extended, keep the eyes fastened on it and move the arm as far to one side and as far to the other as the eye can follow the arc of the sweep. Holding head and arm and coin as at first, raise the arm so high that the eyes are unable to see the coin except by an elevation of the chin. Then lower the hand with the coin similarly, until it disappears from vision

"Perform these exercises faithfully, and in two or three days the eyes will be brighter and the sight better. Crow's feet will disappear, and the youthful vigor, when the eye was in its highest state of efficiency, will be restored."

Of course when anything really is the matter with the eyes no time should be lost in consulting an oculist. Money saved in this direction is the worst sort of extravagance, for no amount of skill can restore the sight if it is once totally lost. The optician who offers to examine eyes free should be avoided as he usually has not the proper training to prescribe the right kind of glasses. If you live in a small town it is best to seek advice in the nearest large city unless your doctor is also an oculist himself, as are some country doctors. If he is not, he knows whom to recommend you to. Children are too often neglected in this respect and have weak eyes all through life in consequence. If your child is irritable, has headaches, squints his eyes when his attention is attracted, holds his book close to his face, have his eyes examined at once. It may be that by wearing glasses for a short time in childhood these defects will be permanently corrected and he will not need them in after life. Do not let any child under six try to read books even when the type is large, neither should he be permitted to strain his eyes by attempting to learn to write or by stringing beads or looking intently at any small objects.

Facing any strong light is very bad for the eyes. For general weakness of the eyes or passing local inflammation, the following recipe will be found invaluable: Do not hesitate to use it, for it is recommended by the best authorities, and five chances to one that, upon consulting an oculist, he will prescribe something just like it.

Take a teaspoonful of powdered boric acid and place in a teacup. To this add fifteen drops of spirits of camphor, rubbing to a smooth paste. Pour over it two-thirds of a cup of boiling water. When cool, strain and bottle. Apply with absorbent-cotton, or, better still, use a glass eye-cup.

If, after a fortnight's treatment, this wash does not give relief, you can know that the trouble is not a local one, but that some optical defect is making life miserable. In that case hesitate not a moment to consult a first-class, reliable and conscientious oculist (not an optician) and if he says that glasses are needed, put them on, even though you feel sure that they are frightfully unbecoming. The beauty-student of the right sort considers health and comfort first of all. No woman with aching, smarting eyes can be pretty Her misery shows itself in every expression of her face

Tonics for the eyelashes should be used with extreme caution. Oily applications irritate the eyeballs so when applying them be careful not to get them in the eyes Vaseline or lanolin are the best of these oily substances for the eyelashes. A certain preparation of witch hazel prepared in pure alcohol will sometimes encourage a heavier growth of lashes, but after one has passed one's youth these effective fringes of the lids cannot be coaxed to do very much in the growing line.

A stye is really nothing more than a small boil or pimple on the eyelid, but it is very disfiguring and often painful. When it comes to a head it should be carefully opened with a needle that has been sterilized by holding the point for a moment in a flame of a gas-jet or candle. A recurrence of styes shows either a run-down condition of the system or a severe eye-strain that needs correction. In most people styes can be prevented by rubbing the lids with a certain kind of medicated vaseline that is harmless to the sight. The shape of the eyebrows has a great deal more effect on the appearance than most people imagine. Many an otherwise pretty face is spoiled by thin or scraggly eyebrows. The eyebrows should be brushed frequently if they are thin or out of shape. A small brush called an eyebrow brush comes especially for this purpose, or a child's toothbrush that is rather soft can be used instead. Care must be taken always to brush the brows in the direction in which they grow which is away from and not toward the nose. Vaseline should be used to make the eyebrows lie smooth if they are inclined to be shaggy. It will also make them look slightly darker and increase the growth of scanty brows.

Any woman who breathes through her mouth instead of her nose cannot have as good health as though she breathed in the proper manner through the nostrils, for nose-

Concluded on page 13

Mrs. Mather will be glad to answer any questions relating to this article if a stamped and self-addressed envelope is sent for reply. Address

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MADELON

Continued from page 4

"We can't have a ball without a fiddler," one young man said, soberly.

"Maybe Madelon would lilt for the dancing," Burr Gordon said; and then he colored furiously, as if he had startled himself in saying it.

The boy turned on him.

"Maybe you think my sister will lilt for you to dance, Burr Gordon!" cried he, and his face blazed white in Burr's eyes, and he shook his slender brown fist.

"Nobody wants your sister to lilt if she isn't willing to," Burr returned, in a hard voice; and he snatched up a hemlock bough, and went away with it to the other side of the ballroom.

"My sister won't lilt for you, and you can have your ball the best way you can!" shouted the boy, his angry eyes following Burr. Then he went out of the ballroom with a leap, and slammed the door so that the tavern trembled.

The young men chuckled.

"Injun blood is up," said one.

"You'll be scalped, Burr," called the other.

Burr came over to them with an angry stride.

"Oh, quit fooling!" said he, impatiently. "What's going to be done?"

"Nothing can be done; we shall have to give the ball up for to-night unless you can get Madelon Hautville to lilt for the dancing," returned one, and the other nodded assent. "That's the state of the case," said he.

Burr scraped a foot impatiently on the waxed floor.

"Go and ask her yourself, Daniel Plympton," said he. "I don't see why it has all got to come on to me."

"Can't," replied Daniel Plympton, with a laugh. "Remember the falling out Eugene and I had at the house-raising? I ain't going to his house to ask his sister to lilt for my dancing."

"You, then, Abner Little," said Burr, peremptorily, to the other young man. He had a fair, nervous face, and he was screwing his forehead anxiously over the situation.

"Can't, nohow, Burr," said he. "I've got to drive four miles home, and milk, and take care of the horses, and shave, and get dressed, and then drive another three miles for my girl. I'm going to take one of the Morse girls, over at Summer Falls. I haven't got time to go down to the Hautvilles', and that's the truth, Burr."

"You'll have to go yourself, Burr," said Daniel Plympton, with a half laugh.

"I can't," said Burr, "and I won't, if we give the ball up."

"What will all the out-of-town folks say?"

"I don't care what they say they can play forfeits."

"Forfeits!" returned Daniel Plympton with scorn. "What's kissing to dancing?" Daniel Plympton was somewhat stout but curiously light of foot, and accounted the best dancer in town. As he spoke he sprang up on his toes as if he had winged heels. "Forfeits!" repeated he, jerking his great flaxen head.

"Well, you can go yourself, then, and ask Madelon Hautville to lilt," said Burr.

"I tell you I can't, Burr—I ain't mean enough."

"Well, I won't, and that's flat."

"I've got to go home, anyway," said Abner Little. "What I want to know is—is there going to be any ball?"

"Oh, get your girl anyhow, Ab," returned Daniel, with a great laugh; "there'll be something. If there ain't dancing, there'll be kissing, and that'll suit her just as well. And if she can't get enough here, why, there's the ride home. Lord, I'd get a girl nearer home! You've got to drive six miles out of your way to Summer Falls and back. As for me, the quicker I get a girl off my hands the better. I'm going to take Nancy Blake because she lives next door to the tavern. Go along with ye, Ab; Burr and I will settle it some way."

But it looked for some time after Abner Little left as if there would be no ball that night. They could not have any dance unless Madelon Hautville would sing for it, and both Daniel Plympton and Burr Gordon were determined not to ask her.

At half past seven Madelon was all dressed for the ball, and neither of them had come to see her about it. She and all her brothers except Louis were going. They wondered who would play for the dancing, but supposed some arrangements would be made.

"Burr Gordon will put it through somehow," said Louis. "Maybe he'll ride over to Farnham Hollow and get Luke Corliss to fiddle."

Louis sat discontentedly by the fire, with his arm soaking in cider-brandy and wormwood.

"Farnham Hollow is ten miles away," said Richard.

"His horse is fast; he'd get him here by eight o'clock," returned Louis.

Madelon was radiant. In spite of herself, she was full of hope in going to the ball. She knew Dorothy Fair would not be present, since her father was the orthodox parson, and she had seen her own face in her glass. With her rival away, what could not a face like that do with a heart that leaned toward it of its own nature? Madelon dimly felt that Burr Gordon had to resist himself as well as her in this matter. She had tended a monthly rose in the south window all winter, and she wore two red roses in her black braids. Her cheeks and her lips were fuller of warm red life than the roses. She lowered her black eyes before her father and her brothers, for there was a light in them which she could not subdue, which belonged to Burr Gordon only. No costly finery had Madelon Hautville, but she had done some cunning needlework on an old black-satin gown of her mother's, and it was fitted as softly over her sweet curves as a leaf over a bud. A long garland of flowers after her own design had she wrought in bright-colored silks around the petticoat, and there were knots of red ribbon to fasten the loopings here and there. And she wore another red rose in her lace tucker against her soft brown bosom. Madelon wore, too, trim black-silk stockings with red clocks over her slender ankles, and little black-satin shoes with steel buckles and red rosettes. Every one of her brothers, except the youngest, Ridhard, must needs compare her in his own heart, to her disparagement, with some maid not his sister, but they all viewed her with pride. Old David Hautville's eyes, under his thick, white brows, followed her and dwelt upon her as she moved around the kitchen.

Madelon had got out of her red cloak and her silk hood, and it was nearly time to start when there was a knock on the door. Madelon's face was pale in a second, then red again. She pushed Richard aside.

"I'll go to the door," she said.

She knew somehow that it was Burr Gordon, and when she opened the door he stood there. He looked curiously embarrassed, but she did not notice that. His mere presence for the moment seemed to fill all her comprehension. She had no eye for shades of expression.

"Come in," said she, all blushing and trembling before him, and yet with a certain dignity which never quite deserted her.

"Can I see you a minute?" Burr said, awkwardly.

"Come this way."

Madelon led the way into the best room, where there was no fire. It had not been warmed all winter, except on nights when Burr had come courting her. In the midst of it the great curtained bedstead reared itself, holding its feather-bed like a drift of snow. The floor was sanded in a fine, small pattern, there were white-tasseled curtains at the windows, and there was a tall chest of drawers that reached the ceiling. The room was just as Madelon's mother, who had been one of the village girls, had left it.

Madelon glanced at the hearth, where she had laid the wood symmetrically all ready to be kindled at a moment's notice should Burr come

"I'll light the fire," said she, in a trembling voice.

"No, I can't stop," returned the young man. "I've got to go right up to the tavern. Look here, Madelon—"

"Well?" she murmured, trembling.

"I want to know if—look here, won't you lilt for the dancing to-night, Madelon?"

Madelon's face changed.

"That's all he came for," she thought. She turned away from him. "You'd better get Luke Corliss to fiddle," she said, coldly.

"We can't. I started to go over there, and I met a man that lives next door to him, and he said it was no use, for Luke had gone down to Winfield to fiddle at a ball there."

"I don't feel like lilting to-night," said Madelon.

The young man colored.

"Well," said he, in a stiff, embarrassed voice, and he turned toward the door, "we won't have any ball to-night, that's all," he added.

"Well, you can go visiting instead," returned Madelon, suddenly.

"I'd rather go a-visiting—here!" cried Burr, with a quick fervor, and he turned back and came close to her.

Madelon looked at him sharply, steeling her heart against his tender tone, but he met her gaze with passionate eyes.

"O Madelon! you look so beautiful to-night!" he whispered, hoarsely. Her eyes fell before his. She made, whether she would or not, a motion toward him, and he put his arms around her. They kissed again and again, lingering upon each kiss as if it were a foothold in heaven. A great rapture of faith in her lover and his love came over Madelon. She said to herself that they had lied—they had all lied! Burr had never courted Dorothy Fair. She believed, with her whole heart and soul, that he loved her and her alone. And, indeed, she was at that time, at that minute, right and not deceived; for Burr Gordon was one of those who can encompass love in one tense only, and that the present; and they who love only in the present, hampered by no memories and no dreams, yield out love's sweetness fully. All Burr Gordon's soul was in his kisses and his fond eyes, and her own crept out to meet it with perfect faith.

"I will lilt for the dancing," she whispered.

The Hautvilles were going to the ball on their wood-sled, drawn by oxen. David was to drive them, and take the team home. It was already before the door when Burr came out, and Madelon asked him to ride with them, but he refused.

"I've got to go home first," he said, and plunged off quickly down the old road, the short-cut to his house.

Madelon Hautville, in her red cloak and her great silk hood, stood in the midst of her brothers on the wood-sled, and the oxen drew them ponderously to the ball. The tavern was all alight. Many other sleds were drawn up before the door; indeed, certain of the young men who had not their especial sweethearts took their ox-sleds and went from door to door collecting the young women. Many a jingling load slipped along the snowy road to the tavern that night, and the ballroom filled rapidly.

At eight o'clock the ball opened. Madelon stood up in the little gallery allotted to the violins and lilted, and the march began. Two and two, the young men and the girls swung around the room. Madelon lilted with her eyes upon the moving throng, gay as a garden in a wind; and suddenly her heart stood still, although she lilted on. Down on the floor below, Burr Gordon led the march, with Dorothy Fair on his arm. Dorothy Fair, waving a great painted fan with the tremulous motion of a butterfly's wing, with her blue brocade petticoat tilting airily as she moved, like an inverted bell-flower, with a locket set in brilliants flashing on her white neck, with her pink-and-white face smiling out with gentle gayety from her fair curls, stepped delicately, pointing out her blue-satin toes, around the ballroom, with one little white hand on Burr Gordon's arm.

CHAPTER III

Suddenly all Madelon's beauty was cheapened in her own eyes. She saw herself swart and harsh-faced as some old savage squaw beside this fair angel. She turned on herself as well as on her recreant lover with rage and disdain—and all the time she lilted without one break.

The ball swung on and on, and Madelon, up in the musicians' gallery, sang the old country dances in the curious dissyllabic fashion termed lilting. It never occurred to her to wonder how it was that Dorothy Fair the daughter of the orthodox minister, should be at the ball—she who had been brought up to believe in the sinful and hellward tendencies of the dance. Madelon only grasped the fact that she was there with Burr; but others wondered, and the surprise had been great when Dorothy in her blue brocade had appeared in the ballroom.

This had been largely of late years a liberal and Unitarian village, but Parson Fair had always held stanchly to his stern orthodox tenets, and promulgated them undiluted before his thinning congregation and in his own household. Dorothy could not only not play cards nor dance, but she could not be present at a party where the cards were produced or the fiddle played. There was, indeed, a rumor that she had learned to dance when she was in Boston at school, but no one knew for certain.

Dorothy Fair was advancing daintily between the two long lines, holding up her blue brocade to clear her blue-satin shoes, to meet the young man from the opposite corner, flinging out gayly toward her, when suddenly, with no warning whatever, a great dark woman sped after her through the dance, like a wild animal of her native woods. She reached out her black hand and caught Dorothy by the white, lace-draped arm, and she whispered loud in her ear.

The people near, finding it hard to understand the African woman's thick tongue, could not exactly vouch for the words, but the purport of her hurried speech they did not mistake. Parson Fair had discovered Mistress Dorothy's absence, and home she must hasten at once. It was evident enough to everybody that staid and decorous Dorothy had run away to the ball with Burr Gordon, and a smothered titter ran down the files of the Virginia reel.

Burr Gordon cast a fierce glance around; then he sprang to Dorothy's side, and she looked palely and piteously up at him.

He pulled her hand through his arm and led her out of the ballroom, with the black woman following sulkily, muttering to herself. Burr bent closely down over Dorothy's drooping head as they passed out of the door.

"Don't be frightened, sweetheart," whispered he.

Madelon saw him as she lilted, and it seemed to her that she heard what he said.

It was not long after when she felt a touch on her shoulder as she sat resting between the dances, gazing with her proud, bright eyes down at the merry, chattering throng below. She turned, and her brother Richard stood there with a strange young man, and Richard held Louis' fiddle on his shoulder.

"This is Mr. Otis, Madelon," said Richard, "and he came up from Kingston to the ball, and he can fiddle as well as Louis, and he said 'twas a shame you should lilt all night and not have a chance to dance yourself; and so I ran home and got Louis' fiddle, and there are plenty down there to jump at the chance of you for a partner—and—" the boy leaned forward and whispered in his sister's ear: "Burr Gordon's gone—and Dorothy Fair."

Madelon turned her beautiful, proud face toward the stranger, and did not notice Richard at all.

"Thank you, sir," said she, inclining her long neck; "but I care not to dance—I'd as lief lilt."

"But," said the strange young man, pressing forward impetuously and gazing into her black eyes, "you look tired; 'tis a shame to work you so."

"I rest between the dances, and I am not tired," said Madelon, coldly.

"I beg you to let me fiddle for the rest of the ball," pleaded the young man. "Let me fiddle while you dance; you may be sure I'll fiddle my best for you."

A tender note came into his voice, and, curiously enough, Madelon did not resent it, although she had never seen him before and he had no right. She looked up in his bright fair face with sudden hesitation, and his blue eyes bent half humorously, half lovingly upon her. She had a fierce desire to get away from this place, out into the night, and home.

"I do not care to dance," said she, falteringly; "but I could go home, if you felt disposed to fiddle."

"Then go home and rest!" cried the stranger, brightly. "'Tis a strain on the throat to lilt so long, and you cannot put in a new string as you can in a fiddle."

With that the young man came forward to the front of the little gallery, and Madelon yielded up her place hesitatingly.

"But you cannot dance yourself, sir," said she.

"I have danced all I want to to-night," he replied, and began tuning the fiddle.

"I'm sure I'm obliged to you, sir," Madelon said, and got her hood and cloak from the back of the gallery with no more parley.

The young man cast admiring glances after her as she went out, with her young brother at her heels.

"I'm going home with you," Richard said to her as they went down the gallery-stairs.

"Not a step," said she. "You've just been after the fiddle, and they're going to dance the Fisher's Hornpipe next."

"You'll be afraid in that lonesome stretch after you leave the village."

"Afraid!" There was a ring of despairing scorn in the girl's voice, as if she faced already such woe that the supposition of new terror was an absurdity.

They had come down to the ballroom floor, and were standing directly in front of the musician's gallery. The young fiddler, Jim Otis, leaned over and looked at them.

"I don't care," said Richard, 'I won't let you go alone unless you take my knife."

Madelon laughed.

"What nonsense!" said she, and tried to pass her brother.

But Richard held her by the arm while he

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Common-Sense About Health and Good Looks

Continued from page 11

breathing induces a stronger, fuller expansion of the entire lungs. If there is any obstruction so that you cannot breathe properly you should have the nose examined by a physician and either have the trouble removed by a slight operation or by treatment, whichever he may recommend. One of the most defacing of complexion-troubles is a red nose. This comes from different causes. Years ago it was frequently brought on by tight lacing, but nowadays we fortunately see little of that. It is also caused by certain forms of indigestion of the stomach, intestines or trouble with the pelvic organs, or it may be due to what the doctors call Acne rosacea. Sometimes this spreads over the entire nose and sometimes it is only the chin that is affected. Often the reddened tip of the nose is due to a chronic inflammation of the hair follicles in the nose. For this Susannah Cocroft, the well known physical-culture specialist, recommends plucking the hairs that grow just inside the nose. She says: "This requires a little patience, but so does everything that is worth working for in the correction of bodily defects. A ten per cent. ointment of xeroform or a thirty-per-cent. solution of peroxide of hydrogen can be applied to the inner surface while the hairs are being removed. Even if the trouble has been of long standing, if the cause can be definitely reached, very good results can be obtained."

If your nose is red all over, try bathing it for five minutes in a pint of hot water in which two tablespoonfuls of Epsom salts have been dissolved. Sop dry and dash on very cold water or rub with a lump of ice. Then apply a good cold cream or liquid bleaching lotion.

The ear is closely connected both with the mouth and throat by what is called the Eustachian tube. This tube starts in the back of the throat in the space directly behind the nose and continues into the inner ear. It forms a drainage tube for the mucus membrane of the ear and also admits air to the back of the ear-drum, which is necessary to keep it expanded. This is why a cold in the head often causes deafness, or why neglected catarrh is almost always certain to impair the hearing. One sometimes becomes deaf by reason of wax gradually collecting for a long time and hardening in the ear. Great care should be taken in removing this. Nothing smaller than the finger should ever be put in the ear. Hardened wax should be removed by first dropping two or three drops of warm olive-oil into the ear at bedtime and then the next morning filling the medicine-dropper with very warm water and dropping this into the ear, holding the head down while doing it so it will not run out. Doctors use a small syringe for this purpose, but unless one knows just how to use one of these ear-syringes a great deal of damage may be done. After dropping the hot water in the ear it is best to put in a bit of cotton and wear it for an hour or two to prevent taking cold.

Chronic catarrh of the nose and throat must be treated by a doctor before any relief can be experienced from deafness from this cause. Never sit where a strong draught can blow directly into one ear, for this may bring on an earache. Such an earache is usually caused by inflammation, and the pain can often be greatly relieved by heat. Steaming is the newest and most effective method of applying this heat. Rub vaseline or cold cream all over the outer part of the ear and flesh just below it to protect it from the hot steam and then pour very hot water into a thick tumbler or large cup and twist an old handkerchief round the top to prevent its touching the ear and lay the head down upon this so that the steam will penetrate well into the ear, but be careful not to tip the cup, for the hot water may scald the ear. This can be repeated every little while until the pain subsides. Care must be taken after such steaming not to get cold in the ear, so a bit of cotton should be placed in it until it is entirely well again

* * *

MADELON

Continued from page 12

rummaged in his pocket for the great clasp-knife which he had earned himself by the sale of some rabbit-skins, and which was the pride of his heart and his dearest treasure, and opened it

"Here," said he, and he forced the clasp-knife into his sister's hand. Otis, leaning over the gallery, saw it all. Many of the dancers had gone to supper, there was no other person very near them. "If you should meet a bear, you could kill him with that knife—it's so strong," said the boy. "If you don't take it I'll go home with you, and it's so late father won't let me come out again to-night."

"Well, I'll take it," Madelon said, wearily, and she passed out of the ballroom with the knife in her hand, under her cloak.

When she got out in the cold night air she sped along fast over the creaking snow, still holding the knife clutched fast in her hand. She began to lilt again as she went, and again Burr and Dorothy danced together before her eyes. She passed Parson Fair's house, and the best-room windows were lighted. She thought that Burr was there, and she lilted more loudly the Virginia reel.

After Parson Fair's house was some time left behind, and she had come into the lengthy stretch of road, she saw a shadowy figure ahead. She could not at first tell whether it was moving toward or from her—whether it was a man or a woman; or, indeed whether it were not a forest tree encroaching on the road and moving in the wind. She kept on swiftly, holding her knife under her cloak. She had stopped singing.

Presently she saw that the figure was a man, and coming her way; and then her heart stood still, for she knew by the swing of his shoulders that it was Burr Gordon. She threw back her proud head and sped along toward him, grasping her knife under her cloak and looking neither to the right nor left. She swerved not her eyes a hair's breadth when she came close to him so close that their shoulders almost touched in passing in the narrow path.

Suddenly there was a quick sigh in her ear — "O Madelon!" Then an arm was flung around her waist and hot lips were pressed to her own.

The mixed blood of two races, in which action is quick to follow impulse, surged up to Madelon's head. She drew the hand which held the knife from under her cloak and struck

"Kiss me again, Burr Gordon, if you dare!" she cried out, and her cry was met by a groan as he fell away from her into the snow

CHAPTER IV

Madelon stood for a second looking at the dark, prostrate form as one of her Iroquois ancestors might have looked at a fallen foe before he drew his scalping-knife; then suddenly the surging of the savage blood in her ears grew faint. She fell down on her knees beside him.

"Have I killed you, Burr?" she said, and bent her face down to his—and it was not Burr, but Lot Gordon!

The white, peaked face smiled up at her out of the snow.

"You haven't killed me if I die, since you took me for Burr," whispered Lot Gordon.

"Are you much hurt?"

"I—don't know. The knife has gone a little way into my side. It has not reached my heart, but that was hurt unto death already by life, so this matters not." Madelon felt along his side and hit the handle of the clasp-knife, firmly fixed. "Don't try to draw it out—you cannot," said Lot, and his pain forced a groan from him. "I'll live, if I can, until the wound is healed, for the sake of your peace. I'd be content to die of it, since you gave it in vengeance for another man's kiss, if it were not for you. But they shall never know—they shall never—know."

Lot's voice died away in a faint murmur between his parted lips, his eyes stared up with no meaning in them at the wintry stars

Madelon ran back on the road to the vil-

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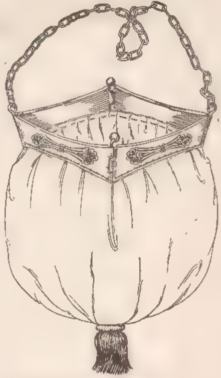

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A Short Cut to Freedom

By ALICE GARLAND STEELE

"JONATHAN!" she called shrilly. "Jonathan, you've dumped the grounds into the tea-caddy! My lands, that man!"

Cynthia Ann realized she was wasting her breath. She peered out of the open doorway, shading her eyes from the glare. She could dimly see a preoccupied pair of legs striding in zig-zag aimlessness across the potato-field.

"There now, if that ain't enough to sicken a saint! He'll bring potato-bugs in on his trousers, and trample all them young vines! I'd as lief see a cow stampin' about. Good lands, he's wearing me jest to atoms!"

She stepped back into the kitchen, feeling all the irritation of a woman who knows she is imposed upon. Everything was in after-breakfast confusion. She flew about in nervous haste, straightening the untidiness Jonathan always left behind him. The heat of the day made the work more irksome, and when at last order reigned she went out to the front porch and sat down, her eyes dull and listless.

"I'm dog-tired," she sighed; "dog-tired—and it all comes of bein' tied to a rampagin' male! I could have earned my seventy-five cents a day and been dressmaker to the whole village if I'd had the sense to stay single."

Her eyes took in the little patch of garden, with its broken gate and the vista of trees beyond.

"There's that latch not fixed yet. That man is the most shiftless the Lord ever made. I dunno but Job's troubles were a picnic compared to mine."

Down the long, white road she caught sight of a small figure. She watched reflectively until a barefoot boy came up to the gate.

"Why," she said, "Johnnie Saunders, whatever are you doing with that oilcloth bag?"

The boy winked.

"A job," he said shortly. "I'm a-throwin' circulars for that Pea-pod lawyer down Main Street. Want one?"

He drew out a long envelope, and poising it between thumb and forefinger hurled it into space. As it fluttered down at her feet she leaned over and picked it up.

"I suppose it's a new hair-dye," she said, "or a patent carpet-cleaner. How's your ma?"

The boy laughed.

"She's middlin', I guess—she ain't decided which way to topple down. Say, why don't you read it, Mis' Halloway?"

She opened it mechanically, and drew the enclosure out, holding it toward the light.

"Why," she said, "good land!"

She read it over in an awed voice:

Easiest State in America

Women of Broxton—get your divorces through E. Palmer Peabody. Advice Free. All legal affairs managed. Last Wills and Testaments a Specialty. Office at 16 Main Street.

When she had finished she looked over at the boy, with a strange light in her eyes.

He wriggled his toes through the dust of the roadway.

"It's that city feller that's been hangin' around Hudson's store," he said, smiling. "He pays me a nickel a hundred, but there ain't much in it—there ain't more'n a hundred folks in the whole of Broxton. I tried throwin' three into one place, but he caught on. Them lawyer chaps is smart, you bet!"

She was staring beyond him, into the sunshine.

"Well," he said, "good-by, Mis' Halloway. I got to go on," and as she nodded abstractedly he was off down the road, leaving a trail of dust behind him.

Cynthia Ann was looking into a new world—the world of woman's freedom.

"I could get seventy-five cents a day," she murmured, "an' no more dish-washin' an' stewin' an' grindin'. And I could cut and fit with lots more style than that sickly Miss Todd—she ain't got strength to hold a scissors, and she's so near-sighted she has to cut straight when she wants a thing bias. But good land, what's the world comin' to, anyway?"

A quavering voice called to her from the hall.

"Cynthy—I say, Cynthy!"

She clutched the paper tighter as her husband stood in the doorway, smiling absently.

Cynthia hated that smile; she called it "sightless" because it never got anywhere, but just "meandered round."

"Cynthy," he said, "beint the sun too strong for ye?"

She didn't trouble to turn her head.

"No," she said shortly, "when I've complaint to make with the Lord's sunshine, I'll tend to it myself."

He hovered a minute in indecision.

"I was jest thinkin'," he said apologetically, "that is, I was feelin' as if it ought to be dinner-time."

She turned sharply.

"Dinner! You've jest had your breakfast. If you look for dinner at eleven in the morning, your stomach ain't got any more sense than the rest of you! Don't talk to me about dinner—I'll get it when I'm ready." He coughed feebly. She looked at him, searchingly. "Where's that egg-money you got from Lawson's last night? I want to get some things from Hudson's store."

"Egg-money?" he said dully. "Why, Cynthy, there ain't any egg-money."

"Didn't you take ten dozen eggs to Jabe Lawson yesterday evening—didn't you?"

He stood a minute, his eyes wavering about in vague circles.

"Yes, Cynthy, I did. I took 'em, all right."

She stamped her foot in exasperation.

"Well, then, I want the money. You didn't leave 'em for nothin', I suppose."

"Cynthy, Jabe Lawson clean forgot to pay me. We was talkin' about—"

"I reckon Lawson clean forgot to take his eggs, too. He's jest that kind! I'm dog-tired of it all—dog-tired."

He put out a protesting hand, but she brushed him aside and went into the house.

She had made up her mind. She lifted the irons automatically from the kitchen-stove to the hearthstone and hung up her apron on a peg in the outhouse, then she went upstairs.

"It may take the hull day," she said slowly. "I ain't certain how long I'll be. When I go down again I'll set something out for him to eat. I ain't goin' to see him starve into the bargain!"

An hour later she stepped out the back door, the folded circular still in her hand.

The faint odor of the lilac crept to her, sweetened by the warmth of the sunshine; at a little distance away she could see the wood-pile, brown and homely, and behind it, sitting on an upturned bucket, she caught sight of a dejected figure whittling a piece of pine.

She passed on hurriedly.

"Well," she whispered, "I'm glad I am through with it. Whittlin' when there's wood to chop for the kitchen-fire. He's the most shiftless creature the Lord ever made!"

It was a long walk down the dusty road, but she plodded on desperately. At the end of a mile she stopped before a low, white house.

"Jane!" she called. "Jane Gandy!"

A woman with a bonnet on stepped out on the porch.

"Why, Cynthy Ann! Well, I ain't surprised. I had a presentment you was comin'. I knew you'd be one of the first to do it." She held out a folded circular. "You've seen it?"

"Yes," nodded Cynthia, "I've seen it."

Jane Gandy drew a long sigh of relief.

"I was so afraid Johnnie Saunders might not get up the hill. And you're goin' to do it really?"

"Yes," said Cynthia curtly, "I'm goin' to do it. I want you to go with me to that Peabody feller now."

"Land! I'm glad I've got my bonnet on. I jest come from Molly Higgins—she lives on the road to Derbyville, and hadn't got any, so I told her. She was tickled to death. She's goin' down right away—her husband beats her with the wedge they use for the hen-house. I will say he's a good deal worse than Jonathan. Jest wait until I lock the cupboard."

When she came back they started on without a word. As they turned into Main Street Jane Gandy looked up.

"Does Jonathan know, Cynthy?"

Cynthia shook her head.

"Well," said Jane, "I ain't never regretted bein' single till to-day—I wish I had a husband jest so's I'd have the pleasure of gettin' rid of him. And it's so genteel, too—they say city folks are set on doin' it jest for style, whether they need one or not—that's what that Peabody chap told Mis' Saunders. I do believe she'll get one, too—she's in such poor health she'll jump at anything. She lives an awful uninterestin' life — nothin' to amuse her but changin' her medicines!"

Cynthia failed to answer her. Her eyes were hard and bright.

She opened a gate near her with trembling hands. In answer to their knock, a shock-headed boy opened the door.

He was Johnnie Saunders' brother.

"Gee! It's Mis' Halloway and Miss Gandy. Are you comin' to get one, too, Miss Gandy?"

He looked innocently at the reddening face of the maiden lady.

"Behave yourself, you imp. Is Lawyer Peabody home?"

"Nope. He's gone to Spike Hollow to see a woman that's bedrid; she got a paper and sent for him afore breakfast—but he'll be back right away. It don't take long. There's some folks waitin' inside now. Mis' Giggins and Mis' Brewster and Grandma Pettigrew. Gee! It beats a revival, holler!"

They followed him into a back room. There were three women, sitting on wooden chairs, who blushed guiltily as they came in. They were all friends, but the seriousness of the hour had effectually sealed their lips. Cynthia sat down heavily.

A vision of Jonathan, lonely and uncared-for in the days to come, troubled her.

He was so shiftless. There were a thousand things that could happen to him without her watchful eye.

Jane Gandy nudged her arm.

"Do listen to that Molly Higgins sniffling! I do believe she'd back out if we weren't here."

Cynthia compressed her dry lips.

"I guess folks' tears is their own—she has a right to cry if she wants to. It's a sad thing, anyway—this divorcin' business. I feel all upsot myself."

The door opened suddenly, admitting a stout, red-faced man.

"Good day, ladies! What can I do for you all? Any one here desires to make a will—ahem! Any fortunes to leave to bereaved relatives? Now's the time."

Cynthia stood up.

"I've read your slip," she said. "I've come for a divorce."

He coughed.

"That's right, ma'am—it's a great thing. I'm divorced myself; wife would have talked me to death if I had not gotten one in time. I had nervous prostration for months, but as soon as it was settled I bloomed like a rose!"

He threw out his chest and laughed.

"Well, ladies, kindly wait your turn. The first will step into my office."

He held open the door of an inner room, and Molly Higgins, sobbing audibly, went in.

Cynthia sat in a daze. She saw them go in one by one, and come out again and steal away without a word. Old Grandma Pettigrew was shaking like a leaf.

Jane Gandy straightened up.

"Well," she said, "if they ain't the glummest set I ever see! You'd think they were attendin' their own funerals!"

When at last they saw the lawyer beckon to them, with smiling face, Cynthia was almost in a fever. They went into the little room and he motioned them to chairs, and sat opposite, twirling a penholder.

Cynthia tried to speak.

"Don't, ma'am, don't!" He put out his hand reassuringly. "I know all about it. I can diagnose exactly: Husband cruel, beats you twice a week, then goes to church and leads the prayermeeting."

Cynthia sat up indignantly.

"I never said he was cruel—he's only foolish and aggravating and absent-minded!"

"I know," said the lawyer; "facts differ, main points the same—terrible thing to be absent-minded. Sits on your best bonnet, steps on your pet corn, walks regularly off the cellar-stairs. Very sad case. I don't wonder you couldn't stand it. Now, just give me your name and age and the date of your last marriage."

Cynthia grew red.

"I was never married but once," she said stiffly. "There ain't no last to it."

"Then the first, ma'am—the first will do just as well."

The lawyer scribbled something on a sheet of printed paper, filling in the blanks.

"There, sign your name, please."

Cynthia took up the pen. Through the closed door she heard a confused murmur of voices—men's voices—and one of them belonged to Jonathan.

She stood up, gasping.

"My husband!" she cried; "my husband is out there!"

The lawyer rose hurriedly.

"Don't worry, ma'am. I'll fix it."

He went out silently, while Cynthia stared ahead of her and Jane Gandy listened.

"It's Sam Higgins," said the latter, "and Jonathan and Silas Pettigrew. Land sakes, they've missed their wives and tracked 'em here!"

But Cynthia was turning red and white by turns.

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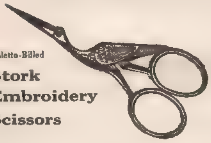

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THE AMERICAN WOMAN
Augusta, Maine

Jane Gandy crept to the door and put her ear against it.

"Cynthy!" she gasped. "Cynthy!"

She sank down on the nearest chair, her eyes terrified.

Cynthia whitened.

"Well," she said sharply, "what is it Jane? Don't be an idiot."

Jane's lips moved weakly.

"They're here gettin' divorces," she whispered. "Divorces!"

Cynthia wondered if she was turning to stone.

"What—did you say?" she stammered slowly.

Jane threw up her hands.

"Jonathan," she said, "is here, gettin' a divorce!"

But Cynthia had caught her arm wildly.

"Call him!" she cried. "Call him back, do you hear? That dumbed fool of a lawyer!"

She rushed over to the door and turned the knob. It was locked!

They stood in a grim silence.

Outside they could hear disjointed murmurs, Jonathan's uncertain tones and Silas Pettigrew's querulous ones in low concert.

Cynthia's head was bent, her eyes rigidly fixed on a spot in the floor. Her lips trembled. She could scarcely keep from sobbing. Jane looked about her, desperately.

At last she nudged Cynthia's arm.

"There's a window," she said. "Do you think we could get through it, Cynthia? It's an awful risk—it's so narrer we might stick halfway. Good land, don't stare so! I want to get out — if you don't, say so like a Christian!" She went over to the window and raised it gingerly. "Them lawyers is worse than trap - doors," she said indignantly, "shuttin' us in like this. Hist me up, will you?"

Cynthia complied. Her eyes were thick with tears. It was a tight squeeze, but they got through somehow and dropped to the ground below, mutilating a young honeysuckle-vine. Jane drew a long breath.

"Well," she said, "I'm goin' home—my nerves are all aquiver. If you want any more dealin's with that wretch of a Peabody, you'll have to go through 'em alone."

"I'll stay here," said Cynthia shortly.

Jane tossed her head

"Well," she said, "it's you that's gettin' the divorce—not me! Good-by."

She nodded with a hint of disgust on her face and walked rapidly away.

In the shade of the porch Cynthia waited, a long time, it seemed.

Hidden by the honeysuckle-vines, she saw Jonathan come out, followed by the two men.

Silas Pettigrew looked weak, and Sam Higgins had his head down, but Jonathan was warlike — a new Jonathan, whom she had not known for years.

The lawyer's voice, sharply insistent, followed them as they walked on, separating at the corner store. She saw Jonathan going on alone, and the sight was more than she could bear. She hurried after him with desperate eyes.

As he heard her footsteps he turned

"Cynthy!" he said. "Cynthy!"

She was seized with sudden constraint.

"Been to Hudson's?" she asked.

He stopped abruptly.

"No," he faltered. "I—I been tendin' to a little matter. Silas Pettigrew and Sam Higgins got into a kind of box, but we're out of it."

"Was you in it, too?" she asked sharply.

He smiled his uncertain smile. As his eyes met hers they clouded with embarrassment

"It's all right, Cynthy! All right!"

"No, sir—it's not all right!" called an angry voice.

They turned to see a stout, red-faced man panting up the hill.

Cynthia grew red. Jonathan turned pale.

"Come on, Cynthy, let's go home," he said, but Cynthia was rooted to the spot.

"Where's my money?" cried the irate lawyer. "Here you two women come hunting me up for a divorce, and both of you sneak out when my back is turned."

Cynthia looked at him doggedly.

"You're plumb crazy," she said. "I didn't want any divorce—I only went for the free advice."

The lawyer waxed warmer.

"There's no such thing as free advice," he said. "Folks must pay for what they get in this world. Either you or he gets a divorce or you each pay me a dollar for contempt of the law."

Cynthia looked over at Jonathan.

"Do you want it?" she said. "That wicked thing."

He shook his head.

"No, Cynthy, I never did. Sam Higgins wanted me to. He said in case it wasn't respectable, it was a point in his favor to have a deacon of the church doing the same thing. But I backed out."

"Well," said Cynthia grimly, "as we've both backed out, Mr. Peabody, good day!"

The lawyer stood in front of her.

"Two dollars," he repeated, "for contempt of the law."

A light flashed in Cynthia's eyes

"Well," she said, "maybe you've earned your money. I don't know nothin' 'bout law. You can go down to Jabe Lawson's, next to Hudson's store, and collect two dollars he owes us for egg-money. Tell him I sent you."

The two went on in a great silence. Before them the road lay white and glistening; above, the sky was a guileless-blue.

Jonathan turned hesitantly.

"Cynthy, I could most die of shame."

She nodded brightly.

"You're a fool, Jonathan—you'd be a downright idiot without me around."

At the warmth of her tone his face beamed

"Cynthy," he said, "you're a good girl."

She smiled.

"Well, I'm not so extra angelic at times. This time I guess the devil tempted us both — you and me — but, anyway, that egg-money did come in handy."

THE HOMEMAKER

Continued from page 10

the stove looking well and prevents rusting. Old stockings make the best sort of dust-cloths when they are valueless for further wear. Cut off the feet, cut the legs from top to bottom, join them by lapping edges and stitching twice, run a narrow hem and moisten the cloth with kerosene. Hang in the air a little while and it is ready for use.

Mrs. M. L. Hagerman.

Will some member of our circle who has homesteaded, or who knows anything about land open for homesteads in Montana, kindly write me? We wish to "take up a claim," as we are anxious to have a home of our own, and naturally wish to learn all we can about the best parts of the State and what it is possible to do.

R. 8, Decatur, Ill. Mrs. E. A. Fulk.

I am very anxious to locate the family of Charles Burke, whose wife's name, before her marriage was Mrs. Mary C. Roy Myers. They have three daughters who are nurses—Beulah Myers, Anna Laura Burke, and Mrs. Celia Voigts. When I last heard from them they were living at Denbigh, Va., but my letters during 1918 were returned unclaimed. I know "our paper" goes everywhere, so turn to it as the surest means of discovering them. I shall be truly grateful for any information. Mrs. Edwin D. Taylor.

187 So. Center St., Spencer, Iowa.

I am very anxious to obtain copies of Hearth and Home containing the story "Wilma Wilde," it was published about eighteen years ago. Will return favor in any way possible. Please write.

Mrs. Lydia Warnick.

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I wish to obtain copies of The American Woman for the last four months of 1918, and will return the papers, paying all postage. Please write first, as but one copy of each number is needed.

Mrs. B. Hentmaker.

702 Bradley St., St. Paul, Minn.

Will some homemaker who has The American Woman for July, 1917, kindly write me? Will return the paper, paying all postage, or repay the favor in any way possible.

Priest River, Idaho. Inez Young.

I very much wish to secure all the issues of The American Woman containing "His Official Fiancee." Will return papers in good condition, paying postage both ways. Please write first. Mrs Jos Fischer.

1065 East Maple St., Sault Ste. Marie, Minn.

Our department has been such a help to many that I come to it in my need. My son was killed in service, in France. I have no large picture of him in uniform, but would be so glad to get one. He was in Company M., 361st Infantry, N. A. His company had a picture taken in December, 1917, but the supply was exhausted before he could get one for me. He was in training at Camp Lewis, Tacoma Wash., at that time. If any reader has such a picture, or knows of one, or the address of the photographer who took the picture, and will write me, I will return the favor in any way possible and be more grateful than I can express

Mrs. Dorothy Nelson.

Box 465, Chinook, Mont.

Many of the homemakers speak of using flour-sacks for different purposes; let me tell you how I utilize the small bags, holding two pounds and upward, of sugar and salt. Into the very smallest ones I drop the bits of soap which are too small to be used any other way. By this means they can all be used in washing dishes, squeezing the bag dry each time. Bits of toilet-soap, in a bag by themselves, are nice for the bath. Other bags I use to keep lettuce or other new vegetables

Continued on page 16

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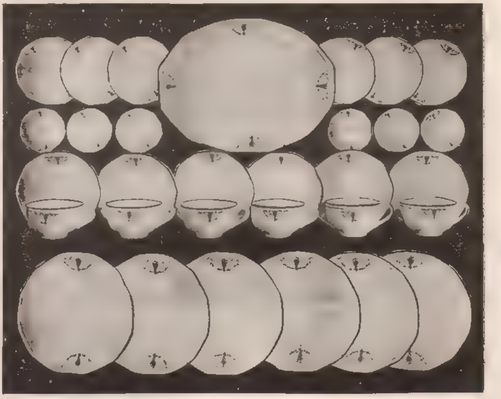

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THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine

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THE AMERICAN WOMAN
Augusta, Maine

Cinderella's Younger Sister

Concluded from page 5

you're to dress there; the auto is to come for you, and –"

Felicity stooped and kissed the eager, flushed face.

"And how about you?" she asked. "Pray, how do you suppose you can manage without me for so long?"

But Josie had planned it all out.

"Old Sarah can come and stay with me, she can; and I really rather like her. She's so good-natured, and she just loves going to places. It's only a little way here for her."

"I wish you could come, too," said Felicity, surrendering to persuasion and the charms of the chiffon gown.

"Perhaps I shall when I'm grown up," said Josie. "And one day you said you'd take me to the theatre. Do you think we can afford it?"

"It shall be done," said Felicity. "I wish the fairy godmother had thought of taking you to the theatre instead of me to the ball. I shall not go unless your cold is better, and, of course, unless old Sarah can come."

But the following Friday saw old Sarah installed at the domestic hearth, and saw, too, the automobile drive off with Felicity and the cardboard box.

Josie watched the last flash of the lamps; and a lump came into her throat as she leaned her head against the window-pane. She had practised great self-denial for Felicity's sake, and she had said nothing about the oppression and sharp pain in her chest when she drew a long breath. Old Sarah meant well, and was kind; but Felicity was indescribably soothing when colds were about. She went slowly back to the fire, where Sarah contentedly clicked her knitting-needles.

"I think Felicity will be the belle," said Josie, leaning her chin on her hand, and looking into the fire.

"That I'm sure she will!" responded Sarah, with a heartiness at which no one could cavil. "And perhaps the prince will be there."

"The prince! Why, I quite forgot the prince!" exclaimed Josie. "Of course, there was a prince—wasn't there, Sarah?"

It was Monday afternoon. Felicity had lived for a few days in fairyland. And Sarah's surmise was right; the prince had not failed to put in an appearance. The fairy godmother was charmed with Cinderella, who, in her dainty frock, had been the belle of the ball. She had danced every dance—had danced until the pretty white-satin slippers were frayed with much exercise.

One little note had come from Josie, saying that Sarah was kind and she was happy, and that Felicity was not to hasten home. And Felicity had written a little note, too, enclosing the dainty programme, which Josie had carefully studied all day and had kept under her pillow; for, truth to tell, Josie had been obliged to keep to her bed since Saturday. But she had hidden from Sarah that the pain was worse and worse, and that in the night she had cried for Felicity's gentle touch.

But the ball-programme, with its little pencil, was a great comfort under her pillow. She had tried to make out the initials, some of which occurred again and again, P. R. D.

"It's nearly all waltzes P. R. D. likes," said Josie in a hoarse little voice, which at last alarmed Sarah.

On Monday morning early she sent a telegram to Felicity, not knowing her address until the note had fallen from Josie's hot, clenched hand.

And by Monday afternoon Cinderella and the prince were great friends.

Indeed, Cinderella began to wonder how she should go back to comparative rags and poverty that night. And then suddenly the prince put his hand into his pocket and drew out a telegram.

"I'm so sorry," he said. "It came for you this morning, and I quite forgot to give it to you."

Felicity's face changed. She was not used to telegrams, and the official envelope seemed to bode ill-tidings. She tore it open, and then sprang to her feet. All her pretty color had faded away.

"Bad news?" asked the fairy godmother.

"Very, very bad," said Felicity, with trembling lips. "It is Josie. I ought to have gone back hours and hours ago! Oh"—turning on the grief-stricken prince—"how could you? I must go now—this moment! She is very ill. Perhaps by now—"

The fairy godmother looked very distressed.

"She may be better, dear, not worse. Order the car, Phil."

"A taxi would be quicker," said the prince.

And in another moment he and Felicity were driving through the brightly lighted streets.

Felicity said nothing. She only sat with clasped hands, wondering dully what life would be like without Josie. She hardly heard her companion's self-reproaches; and presently he lasped into silence.

He handed poor Cinderella from the taxi, then put up his hand to the bell. Felicity caught his hand.

"Don't," she said quickly. "I have a key, and it might disturb her."

"I shall be back soon," said the prince, "with our own doctor; he's a shining light."

But Cinderella, with a pale face and eyes heavy with anxiety, only shook her head. She could not forgive the delayed telegram. And though the prince waited on the lower step, hoping for a backward glance, it never came. The door opened and shut. Cinderella had drifted from fairyland into the grim realities of the everyday world.

* * * * * *

Josie was lying on the little couch in the sitting-room, amid a veritable bower of blossoms. Violets and lilies of the valley, daffodils, and even a handful or two of roses glorified the little room. A bright fire burned in the grate, one or two magazines and books lay about, a dainty cushion was placed behind Josie's head, and a gaily striped, silken coverlet lay across her feet. Josie loved pretty things, and she fingered it admiringly. Felicity sat in the easy chair opposite, and feasted her eyes upon her treasured invalid. Josie was very thin and pale, but now it was only a question of change and feeding up. Felicity's heart filled with gratitude as she thought of the love and many kindnesses of the fairy godmother. Then at another memory she sighed, and tears came into her eyes.

She blinked them away, and stirred up the fire, but she could not deceive Josie, who had a wonderful faculty for putting two and two together.

"Aren't the flowers lovely?" she said, stretching out a thin little hand toward the violets; "and how kind everybody is! The fairy godmother's a dear."

"She is indeed," assented Felicity, tucking the coverlet cosily round Josie's toes.

"And I think I'd like to see the prince next time he comes to know how I am," said Josie.

Felicity started, and the color rushed over her face as she turned away.

"What do you mean?'" she asked

"There he is now—quick, quick," said Josie, leaning upon her elbow as there came the sound of a motor-horn and a knock and a ring at the door. "Felicity, don't let him go away. I do so want to see what he's like."

And Felicity disappeared. The next moment the prince walked into the room alone. He was very gentle and cheerful with Josie, greeting her like an old friend, and sitting down beside her couch. He was very tall and broad, and had the kindest face imaginable, Josie thought, glancing from him to the portrait on the mantelpiece.

He broke off a little bunch of grapes for Josie, and gave them one by one into her weak little grasp, and before long they were talking away like old friends. But Cinderella never came to see the prince.

"Are your initials P. R. D.?" asked Josie, presently.

"Why, how did you know?" asked the prince.

"It doesn't matter," replied Josie, "but I wanted to make quite sure. Where's Felicity?"

"She won't come back while I'm here," said the prince. "She really might forgive me now you're better."

"Why is she angry with you?" asked Josie. Then, for the first time, she heard about the delayed telegram.

"If I'd—you know—not got well," said Josie, sagely, "there really would have been a reason, but now that I'm getting well she certainly might make friends again."

"That's what I think," agreed the prince, eagerly. "We were such friends before."

"You mustn't think, because of this, that Felicity's got a bad temper," said Josie, anxiously. "I dare say she can't make up her mind to say she's sorry."

"But I don't want her to say she's sorry," said the prince, "but just to listen to me when I say I am."

"Won't she even do that?" asked Josie.

"Not even that; and it makes me very miserable."

"Of course it would!" said Josie.

And, for a moment, she was buried in thought. But still Felicity never came. And they could not possibly guess that she was ashamed of the many unkind reproaches she had heaped upon the prince.

"Would you like to stay to tea?" asked Josie, when the visitor spoke of departure.

"Please, if Fel— if your sister wouldn't mind."

"Ring the bell," said Josie—"very quickly."

And, as she had imagined, Felicity came running, fearing something was the matter.

Tea went off better than might have been expected; and when the prince offered to come the following day Felicity raised no objection.

"He's dreadfully unhappy," said Josie, when the prince had gone, and Felicity had drawn up a little stool in order to put her face on the pillow beside Josie's.

"It's only what he deserves," said Felicity, with a heartlessness that bewildered Josie.

With all her wisdom, she could not be expected to know that Felicity's heart was aching as sorely as the prince's. Then suddenly Josie felt the soft cheek, pressed against her own, become wet with tears, and, after that, she guessed a little and put two and two together in her sage little mind.

She stroked Felicity's hair.

"Will you tell the prince, to-morrow, that you've quite forgiven him?" she asked presently. "What's the use of keeping things up?"

"If he'll let me I will," said Felicity, repentantly.

It needed little wisdom next day to see how entirely the quarrel had been canceled.

"You were quite right, you see, Sarah," said Josie, later in the day; "there really was a prince. He says we're all going to live in fairyland, and that we shall very soon have the cottage and flowers, and a pony as well as a donkey, and heaps and heaps of eggs and cabbages, and sometimes even asparagus, Sarah. He says I needn't make the butter myself but that I can if I like."

THE HOMEMAKER

Continued from page 15

in, placing them in the ice-box. Larger bags are double-seamed to prevent ravelings and used for jelly-bags, pudding-bags, etc., and the largest ones I make bags to hold small articles for the laundry, pieces of string, wrapping-paper, etc., turning down the top and running in a cord to hang by. One of these bags in the pantry, the store-room or kitchen is a great help about keeping things tidy, and it is also a help to know just where to find a piece of twine, a bit of cloth, etc., when needed.

Mrs. Mary T. Richardson.

Will some one who has the song hymnal entitled "White Wings Revised," kindly send me the songs, "Mother Knows," "Somebody's Boy" and "No Room for the Saviour"? I wish them for a scrap-book, or book of selections. Will return favor in any way possible. Please write first, as I wish but one copy of each. Mrs. John Savage.

Natural Bridge, N. Y.

To prevent wallpaper from cracking, try the following method: Take strips of ordinary newspaper, or good wrapping-paper, and paste on both sides of any crack in the wall, taking care not to get it directly over the crack, then put on the paper, smoothing evenly, and then the wallpaper. I have tried this and it works wonders. Will some one who has the first issues containing the story "Years for Rachel"—previous to April—kindly write me? Mrs. H. J. Becker.

Box 134, Vulcan, Alta., Can.

The Homemakers' Receipt-Book

Rhubarb-and-Orange Marmalade. — Cut enough unpeeled rhubarb into half-inch lengths to make four cups; add six cups of sugar, the pulp and juice of four oranges and grated yellow rind of one, and the juice, pulp and grated yellow rind of half a lemon. Cook slowly in a porcelain-lined kettle until the juice will form a jelly when dropped on a cold plate. Pour into jelly-glasses, cover with waxed paper and keep in a cool place. We like this much better than the all-orange marmalade. I also add one third rhubarb to my strawberry jam and find the result very satisfactory.

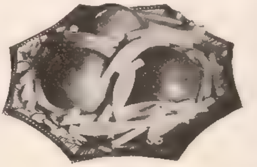
Rhubarb Pie. — One cup of rhubarb, chopped and peeled, one half cup of chopped raisins, one cracker, rolled to a coarse powder, one cup of sugar and one well-beaten

Continued on page 19

The Value of the Tomato

By HARRIET MANNING

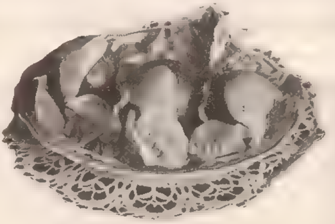
TOMATOES, either fresh or canned, appear on our tables in some form or other, nearly every day of the year. While they cannot be classed as among the nutritious vegetables, yet they are a valuable specific for liver-trouble, and we consider them partially responsible for the fact that when tomatoes are a feature of our diet during the winter and early months of the year, it is not necessary to take any "spring medicine." This is because they contain so much iron. Of course, as they lack muscle-building and heat-producing elements, they are not a complete food in themselves, but in combination with meat and fish, eggs, cheese, butter or oil, they form a well-balanced ration as well as an economical one. Then, too, they help to make the more expensive ingredients go further



Tomato Surprise

For soups they are an invaluable foundation, made into catchup, or pickle, they can be served as a relish, and when properly canned they keep well and retain their natural flavor. The one thing to remember in canning is to avoid overcooking, for this spoils the flavor and color of the tomato

When peeling them, remember this task is very simple if they are first put in a bowl of boiling water and allowed to remain there for one minute. The thin skin then easily peels off A frying basket is also useful for this purpose, and the tomatoes may be placed in the basket and the whole lowered into boiling water, producing the same effect.



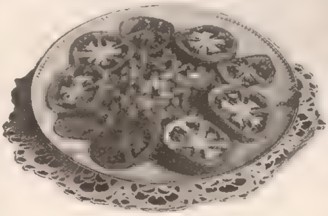
Tomato Salad

Here are some tested fresh-tomato dishes which will merit a trial:

Green Tomato Pie

As soon as the green tomatoes are large enough, make up a batch of tomato mince. Though deliciously spicy, it is less rich and heavy than ordinary mince-meat, and therefore is better suited to warm weather.

Chop fine and drain enough green tomatoes to make three pints of solid pulp. Chop without draining, two quarts of apples and one and one-half cupfuls of suet. Add the juice and grated rind of one orange, one and one-half cupfuls each of raisins and currants, half a cupful of vinegar, two and one-half cupfuls of sugar (or more, if needed), and half a tablespoonful of salt. Season to taste with cinnamon, clove and allspice and simmer three hours. This will keep for some little time. In baking, use a "lattice" top crust.



Tomato-and Baked-Bean Salad

Venetian Tomatoes

Rub to a smooth paste the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs and two level tablespoonfuls of butter. Add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one teaspoonful of powdered sugar mixed with one saltspoonful of dry mustard, a pinch of salt and a little paprika. Heat to the scalding-point and stir in one beaten egg and rounded tablespoonful of grated cheese Cook until it thickens and pour over tomatoes which have been pared, cut in thirds drained and seasoned and broiled over a clear fire.

Tomato Fancies Scoop out the interiors of six large ripe tomatoes and put the pulp into a wire strainer to drain. Chop one small onion with one third of a cupful of chopped sweet peppers and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Simmer in two ounces of butter until the onion is tender. Add enough bread-crumbs to absorb the surplus liquid, together with about half of the tomato-pulp. Fill the shells, cover the top with buttered crumbs and steam forty-five minutes. This palatable side dish can be converted into the main dish for luncheon or dinner by using less tomato and adding chopped beef, lamb, fish or liver. The leftover pulp can be stewed and utilized as tomato-sauce, bisque, or bouillon, or merely chilled and served with lettuce as a salad.

Tomatoes with Hashed Eggs Butter as many ramekins as there are persons to be served and place in each, cut side up, half of a large ripe tomato. Allow for each person one hard-boiled egg, half a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and one sardine (a tablespoonful of any cold cooked fish may be substituted). Chop fine, season with salt, pepper and a few drops of Worcestershire sauce and heap on the tomatoes. Cover with crumbs, baste with melted butter and bake fifteen minutes in a quick oven.

Tomato Surprise

Scoop the pulp from the inside of large, firm tomatoes, being careful not to break the skin Mash the pulp, working smoothly into it one teaspoonful of butter, and one of cream, with salt, pepper and a dash of celery-salt. Cook this five minutes, adding enough brown-bread-crumbs to thicken. Let the shells stand in hot water just long enough to heat through without wrinkling, then fill with the hot mixture and serve at once with boiled macaroni

Tomato-and-Baked-Bean Salad Mix cold baked beans with French dressing made of lemon in the proportion of three tablespoonfuls of oil to one of lemon-juice. Surround with sliced tomatoes which have also been dipped in the French dressing, and serve cold.

Tomato Salad

Cut tops from as many tomatoes as there are persons to be served. Fill with chopped cucumbers and celery, seasoned and blended with a good boiled dressing. Serve on crisp lettuce-leaves with a large spoonful of the dressing to each tomato.

A good boiled dressing is made as follows: One and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one to one and one-half teaspoonfuls of mustard, a few grains of Cayenne, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one cup of milk or cream, two eggs.

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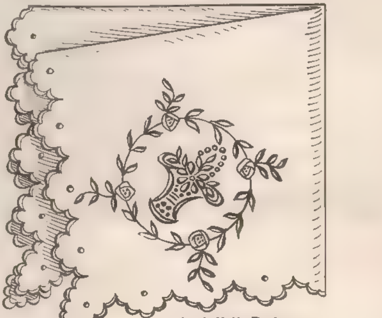

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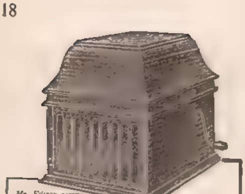
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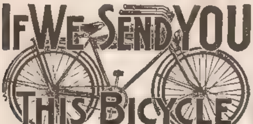

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THE AMERICAN WOMAN
Augusta, Maine

BITTER-SWEET

By ADA MARY HARRIS

"BUT you don't love me enough—you can't love me enough, if you ask me to give up all of these things I've had all my life, just to satisfy your own pride," protested the girl, hotly.

The man's face paled beneath the tan.

"Sweetheart," he said gently, "don't think it's selfish pride, or that I would have you suffer for just a whim of mine. It means my very life and honor to me.. After we are married, I want you for my own. I can't give you a palace, or all the luxuries, but you won't have to work, for we could have a couple of servants. We would have a little home and we would be so happy. It isn't money or show that count, dear; it's love; and a man must have and hold his wife and his home for his own. He can't let another man—even his wife's own father—pay for his household- and home-expenses, and feel like a real man. Don't you love me enough to give up the vanities of life for me?" he begged.

The girl slowly shook her head.

"It isn't that I don't love you enough to give up these things, but father has millions more than he can spend; why shouldn't he give me lots of money and beautiful things as he has always done? I don't think you have any right to ask me to give up this kind of life, and if you were unselfish in your love, you wouldn't ask it of me."

"I'd feel like half a man, and in time, you would lose some of your respect for me.' His face was white and drawn. "No," he said, gravely and simply, "I can never do it."

The girl caught her breath quickly and looked at him in mute despair. Silence fell between them.

The red autumn moon hung low in the sky, over the old gray wall at the end of the garden. The leafless, gray vine with its brave bunches of red berries, clung to the wall—bitter-sweet—most loyal of all the gay summer beauties to the homely old friend that had sheltered them. Seated on the quaint stone bench, the girl might have been the slender spirit of autumn itself, in her soft amber-colored dress, with the bitter-sweet berries in her blue-black hair. Her blue eyes, into which the pitiful autumn note seemed to have crept, gazed unseeingly over the bare garden. The summer sunshine seemed to fade slowly from them, and the chill dark clouds of the coming winter pass into them.

The man, gifted artist though he was, had no eye for the beauty of the picture. All he saw was that dear face he had called his own, with the warm sunlight of her love for him, fading slowly from it, and the cold shadow of deliberate distrust falling over it.

The soft, slow music of a waltz sounded from the distant house, where youth and love danced gayly, and out into the garden wandered the spirit of the melody, the high, piercingly sweet strain of a violin.

The man's face beneath its healthy tan, grew whiter, as he watched the beautiful face intently, but his own was fixed with a determination of love and proud manliness which nothing could alter.

A little bunch of bitter-sweet berries fell from the wall, breaking the tense silence.

Slowly the girl turned her face toward him.

"Is that final?" she asked, with cold deliberateness.

"Yes—but, oh my dearest—" his voice broke pleadingly.

She waited an instant.

"Then, good-by," she said in a low, dull voice, and walked slowly toward the house.

Like a statue of despair, he watched her. Only once, she faltered and paused as though to turn back, and he stretched out his arms with all the longing of his great love. But she walked slowly on, and with a dry sob, he sank upon the bench and buried his face in his hands.

Desire excused herself to the other guests at the gay country house-party, and went directly to her room. She gazed from her window at the lonely figure in the garden; then suddenly flung herself face downward on the bed.

He was so dear. He had been everything to her since that glorious day last spring when he had come into her life. And now, on account of his selfish pride, it must all end. Oh, it wasn't right—it wasn't right. But after all, was he selfish? Hadn't it been his very pride and manliness that had attracted her? He stood for all that was strong and sincere. So many men had made love to her, and she had never been sure just which had loved her, and which had loved her father's millions. Richard loved her for herself alone. Of that, she could not help but be sure, and she had loved him—how she had loved him! After all, perhaps he was right; could she have the same high honor and love for him, if she married him, only to let her father keep her as he had always done? All night she pondered, torn between true love and pride. Love conquered, and for the first time in her petted life, the beautiful, but spoiled "little daughter of the rich," gave up her pride and love of the things that money can buy. As the dawn stole softly into her room, she fell asleep, tired out with her struggle, but happy as a child, to dream of the brave, sweet surrender to love which should be hers in the morning.

Coming down a trifle late to breakfast, she found her hostess announcing in disappointed tones the departure of Richard Vandiveer.

"Yes; he left for the five-thirty train to the city. He left a message that he had been called into town hurriedly, and regrets that he will not be able to return."

All the sweet dreams of the night before faded suddenly. Too late! When would she see him again?

Richard's first thought had been to spare his presence, which might be embarrassing to Desire, his second to go where he would be alone with his hurt. He felt sure that his love was hopeless. A man might try a lifetime, and never amass a fortune equal to the one from which Desire Wendell had always drawn. He didn't much care where he went. The world was a dreary place with all the sunshine gone from it; and he couldn't bear to meet his friends. There wasn't anyone to care where he went, or what he did, now, so he would just drop out of sight for a while.

Even his art, which, before he had met Desire, had been his all-absorbing passion, failed him.

He took passage on the first steamer and buried himself in the mountains of Switzerland.

One morning, on one of his long tramps, he came across an odd little building, too big for a cabin, too small for the summer home of a rich man, yet curiously perfect in every detail and quaintly picturesque among the snow-capped hills.

As he paused at the gate, a white-haired man came out of the house and went slowly down the walk.

"Blest if he doesn't look like a child of Uncle Sam," thought Richard, as the old man advanced, gazing at him intently.

"You are an American, I take it," said the stranger, with simple directness. "I've seen you tramping about these hills. It's good to see someone from God's country again. Warwick is my name sir, Robert Warwick. Won't you come in?" he urged with courtly hospitality.

Wondering curiously at the man's manner, Richard went into the house, and thus began a friendship which was to last many months and mean more to both of them than they knew.

After several calls, the hermit (for such he seemed) asked Richard to come and stay with him for as long as he might be in the country.

"Why not?" thought Richard; "one place is as good as another. I will stay with him awhile."

One day, being alone in the lodge, Richard sat musing by the fireplace, and as ever, his brush began sketching the old, old dream, the slender girl with the blue-black hair. Coming upon him unaware, Warwick glanced over his shoulder at the picture, and his face suddenly paled.

"Who is that girl?" he asked sharply.

Richard wheeled about, startled, then appalled at the change which had come over his usually reserved friend, helped him to a chair by the warm, glowing fire.

Then for the first time his reserve melted, and he told his story of love and disappointment. The old man listened with curious intentness and a strangely deep sympathy.

"And her name?" he asked eagerly, when Richard had finished.

Richard hesitated an instant.

"Desire Wendell," he said.

"Ah, the irony of fate!" murmured the old man by the fire. "Listen, son, while I tell you my story. You wondered why the portrait so startled me. I loved her mother. Do not be surprised; the world is very small—and very sad," he added with a sigh. "Years ago when I was your age, I met Desire Hale. It was like magic, the quick, sure sense. I felt that here was the one woman in the world for me. My great, sure love made me confident; and, besides, I was young, full of bright hopes, and had a fortune in my own name. Before I had known her a month I had laid my whole heart and fortune at her feet. She was kind and very gentle, but she loved another—a poor student—and they were to be married as soon as he graduated in the spring. My life has been lonely, although I have more than realized the dreams of my youth as far as fame and position go. I hear that he has prospered well, and now has millions, while—look at me—my life almost spent, still lonely, and with nothing but this one comfortable little niche for my own."

Yet he half smiled with a curious look in his eyes as he finished.

Several months passed, when one morning Richard, returning from one of his long mountain tramps, found Warwick sitting very still before the dying log-fire. He did not answer to the cheery greeting, and bending over him with quick concern, Richard found his body stiff and cold. Robert Warwick was dead.

A week later, Richard recalled what his friend had once told him. "If anything happens to me," he had said, half shyly, "I want you to take the key which you will find in my purse and open the iron cupboard over the fireplace."

The key was easily found and, with a curious feeling of something about to happen, Richard opened the door. He found an old box containing several papers, yellow with age, which confirmed what he has always believed, that his mysterious friend had been a man of high rank, evidently a diplomat, much trusted and honored, both by his own country and those to which he had been sent. As he turned them over thoughtfully, a small photograph fell out. It was that of a very beautiful woman, so like Desire, he knew it could be no other than her mother. One paper, quite fresh, he opened and read with mingled emotions and growing astonishment.

"Richard, my son, for you have been both friend and son to me, you have never known how much your sincere and unselfish love has meant to me. I know your friendship was for myself alone and not for riches or favor. Coming when I was most lonely and hopeless, you have brightened and made rich by your friendship, the last years of my life; for I am sure I have not many more months to live. I have a surprise in store for you, and I beg you to accept it as you would from a father. You think I am poor: so I am in love and the deeper joys of life, but my worldly wealth has rolled up until my fortune, always considerable, has grown vast. I did not use it—why should I? It cannot purchase happiness, and this lonely life among the friendly hills comforts me more than to be among people, always seeking me for what I can give them. So, when I am gone, Richard, it is all yours. I have written instructions to my lawyers, whose address you will find on this sheet. I hope that with it, you may purchase the happiness it failed to bring me—happiness both for you and for Desire Hale's girl.

"Please take it, knowing that the giving of it to you, has given me the deepest and most real joy I have ever known.

"Good-by, my son, and God bless you.

"Robert Warwick."

Deeply moved by the expression of love in the letter, Richard stood with head reverently bowed before the memory of his friend.

Then the full import of the message came over him. Here was the fortune with which he could make Desire happy! He would start to-morrow. After all, perhaps, life held its fullest measure for him.

It seemed strange to mingle with people again. At the first city he stopped, and with the feeling that it was good to be in the busy, hustling world once more, he bought an English newspaper. The headlines leaped out before his eyes:

AMERICAN LINER BURNED AT SEA

The big U. S. A. passenger ship, Marianna, famous for her luxurious appointments, was destroyed by fire to-day in mid-ocean. Wireless unable to signal. The crew and all the passengers are lost.

And in the list of passengers were the names.

John Wendell, 48, New York millionaire.

Desire Wendell, his daughter, 22, New York.

With broken heart, and the dull misery of a beaten man, without love or hope, Richard Vandiveer fled back to the solitude of his mountains. He would let their vast silence and restful loneliness soothe his hurt, and in his art, he would find expression for those joys which he craved.

So he thought; but his brush, once so

Concluded on page 19

The Bride and the Mother-in-Law

By RICHARD ARNOLD

THE young woman showed a beautiful deference to the silver-haired lady, and the latter seemed devoted to her pretty companion.

"That's her daughter, isn't it?" I inquired curiously.

"Daughter-in-law," corrected my friend.

"Why they act exactly like a fond mother and an affectionate daughter," I exclaimed incredulously.

"It's the way they ought to act, isn't it?" said my friend.

"But they seldom do," objected I. "You know yourself that 'in-laws' usually live in a state of armed neutrality."

"My dear," said my friend impressively, as she drew me into a corner to drink my cup of tea, for we were at an afternoon reception, "let me tell you all about it!"

And then she told me how the mother-in-law had once confessed to her that when her son was first engaged she had felt very bitterly about it, as he had been all his life her own devoted cavalier. His fiancee was two years his senior and not in such good social position, coming from a family in humble circumstances. But she was an exceedingly clever and pretty girl and everybody spoke well of her. The young man was deeply in love, and his mother's coldness to the girl of his choice cut him to the heart. Imperceptibly his manner toward his mother changed. He tried hard to act in the old way, but he bitterly resented what he considered her injustice to the dearest person in the world.

The mother, however, was a woman of brains as well as heart and soon began to realize she was acting selfishly as well as foolishly

"I said to myself," she declared whimsically to my friend, "that I must either adopt a daughter or lose a son. There could be no halfway measures about it. One or the other must be done. And so as I would infinitely rather do the former than suffer the lifelong grief of the latter calamity, I turned right about face—fortunately it was not too late—and now I have the dearest of daughters and the most loving of sons."

And the little bride said:

"My mother-in-law is wonderful. She is as sympathetic as my own mother. I don't know what I should do without her."

This tale is just a bit of real life with a happy ending, but we have only to look around us to realize how many mothers-in-law there are unwilling to take this sensible, unselfish view of the subject and therefore storing up for themselves a great deal of needless unhappiness

To the majority of mothers a son is the all-important ambition and emotion in life. In her son the mother renews her youth.

To the bride her husband is her mate, the means of awakening the mysteries of life to her He is the realization or disappointment of all her ideals and the making of a new world.

When both bride and mother-in-law fully realize these things and recognize each other's rights regarding this husband and son of theirs, it means great happiness for all. When there is friction between them, as there so often is, it is a hard matter for the son to decide against his own mother, but he owes a certain loyalty to his wife and unless she is grievously in the wrong he is in honor bound to take her part. But more often he plays the neutral and lets them fight it out for themselves.

What should a sensible, loving bride do in this position?

First, never forget that his mother has given the best part of her life to her son. She has known him even before birth, she, his mother, has guided him to manhood and developed him into the man you have chosen above all others for your life's partner. Remember you have won him even from her. Therefore you owe it to both yourself and your husband to win her love and devotion. Treat your mother-in-law in exactly the same manner that you expect a future daughter-in-law to treat you. Show your appreciation of her through her son. Do not be jealous or petty about his affection for his mother. On the other hand, encourage him to offer her little personal gifts and attentions. Let her always feel as though she were still part of her son's life as you permit your mother to be part of your life.

But the mother-in-law must also do her part. Very few sons ever throw off entirely a mother's influence over them; and this is for the best, as the love of a good mother is a wonderful aid and guidance to a young man. And yet mothers have been known to take advantage of this fact and use it against the bride. A young girl likes nothing better than to be loved and appreciated by her husband's family and particularly "his mother." Notice how quickly your own husband wins the affection and respect of his son's wife. He does this simply by treating her as his daughter. The bride loves him for it. Take a tip from father and you will have gained another daughter without losing a son.

❧

BITTER-SWEET

Concluded from page 18

obedient to his every wish, seemed to divine his heart and would paint but one image—his Desire in all her moods. His one solace seemed to be in those dear pictures of her and with loving, reverent art, he recalled memories of her, until they seemed almost real.

Desire waited long, but no word came of Richard, or news of his whereabouts. People wondered, but carelessly put it down to the "eccentricity of genius," that comfortable phrase which covers so many strange happenings. They thought his artist soul had craved solitude, and that he had just run off to some romantically beautiful place and would return with wonderful paintings to delight them.

But Desire knew better, and she worried and grew paler, and as the months wore by, lost all her gay animation and joy in life. Her father noticed the change, and worried.

"Little girl," he said one day, "if you can't tell your old dad what's bothering you, he can at least try to help. This summer I'll take a long vacation and we'll trot off together and see some of the beauties of the old world"

"Daddy, you're too good to me," she cried, but her eyes were full of tears.

The following month, they sailed for Europe.

It was sunset in the mountains, the glorious sunset which only the beautiful mountains of Switzerland ever witness. Richard Vandiveer, returning from a day's hunting, felt the sublimity of the hour. Dreaming as ever, of Desire, he seemed to see her beautiful face among the distant clouds.

Coming around a bend on the path, he came face to face with a beautiful girl with blue-black hair and wistful eyes—Desire! No, it couldn't be true; it was only a vision of his loving dream. He stood as though petrified, afraid to move or speak, lest his dream should vanish.

A dignified, white-haired man brought him to earth again.

"Pardon, sir," he said in French, "could you direct us to the village? My daughter and I have lost our way, tramping through the mountains, and the lateness of the hour has increased our anxiety."

Richard's bewildered brain at last cleared and then worked like lightning.

It was true—here was Desire! How she came there, he did not know, but now he must find out if she still cared. They would not recognize him with his rough beard and rugged face, in this out-of-the-way corner. His hair, whitened over the temples by grief, disguised him still more.

He replied in English.

Yes, he could direct them to the village, but it was a long way. Why not remain at his lodge until morning? It was spacious, and he would be glad to have guests from his native land. Also, he would show them what a famous supper he could cook for them, all furnished from his mountain garden.

So it was decided, and they returned to the lodge. Mr. Wendell, happy to find a man of his own land, talked freely; told him of the shipwreck which had so nearly ended their lives and gave a thrilling account of their miraculous escape.

Desire was silent. Who was this man with the strong, dark face and with eyes so like those of her dear, boyish lover? Arrived at the lodge, Richard bade them make themselves "at home" while he cooked them a supper "fit for a king." He directed Desire to a room where she might brush up, and as she paused before the closed door, her thoughts were full of vague fancies and the lost happiness of love.

As she closed the door behind her, she glanced casually about the room, then—oh! what marvel was this? On every side were pictures of herself, Desire Wendell, in every mood and expression—the Desire of two years ago. Wondering, half frightened, she went swiftly from picture to picture, and paused at last before one. Seated on a quaint stone bench, with the soft moon rising behind the old gray wall, the girl in the picture was the reincarnation of youth and life. But instead of the cold, hesitant glance of doubt, the eyes held only the warmth and tenderness which perfect love alone can give; and on the bare old wall hung brave little bitter-sweet berries. It was a picture of the things that should have been Only one person in the world could have painted that picture. Where was he? Could she find him? She would ask their big genial host with the lined face of a strong man and eyes of a boy.

After supper, as her host was showing her his picturesque little garden, she inquired suddenly: "Do you know a man named Richard Vandiveer—an artist?"

"Why, yes, there was a chap by that name here, some time ago but," he added simply, "he's gone now."

"Not—not dead," she whispered, her face white and a cold fear at her heart.

That one look told Richard all he wanted to know, and a great joy surged through him.

"No, he is not dead," he said gently. "Wait here a little, and I'll see if I can find him." With that, he was gone, leaving Desire full of sweet hope and heart-trembling fear. Swiftly Richard worked; shaved off the disguising beard, brushed his hair the familiar way, and with a tender little smile, knotted her favorite old blue tie under his collar. Then he stole silently out into the garden. Coming up behind her quietly, he paused. His voice broke on the old fond little play upon her name. "Desire," he whispered softly, "my Heart's Desire."

❧

THE HOMEMAKER

Continued from page 16

egg; mix these ingredients well together, fill a pie-plate lined with rich pastry, add just a dash of salt and a piece of butter as large as a walnut cut in bits and sprinkled over the top, cover with the upper crust and bake in a medium oven.

Rhubarb Conserve. — To five cups of tender rhubarb cut in half-inch pieces add five cups of granulated sugar and let stand overnight Add one or two lemons cut in bits and all seeds removed, and one cup of seeded raisins cut in two. Cook all slowly until well done, taking care not to scorch, and just before taking from the fire add a cup of English walnut-meats cut in small pieces. The nut-meats should be heated through only. Put in glasses and cover with melted paraffine or waxed paper before putting on the covers.

Canned Rhubarb. — Choose nice tender rhubarb; if old, peel it. Cut in pieces an inch long and pack in glass fruit-jars, shaking down and filling the jars as full as possible, then place under the cold-water faucet and let the water run fifteen or twenty minutes, to make sure all air-bubbles are expelled. Screw on the cover, having the rubber in place, wrap in brown paper and set away. Canned in this way rhubarb will keep for winter use, and is as nice as if just pulled.

Rhubarb Wine (requested). — Use rhubarb that is quite ripe; cut eight pounds in thin slices, put it into four quarts of boiling rain-water, put into a tub or firkin and cover closely with a thick cloth or blanket. Stir it twice every day for a week, then strain through a cloth, add four pounds of loaf-sugar, the juice of two lemons and the rind of one. To clear it dissolve one ounce of isinglass in a pint of the liquid, heated in a porcelain-lined saucepan. When quite cold add to the wine and put it in a small cask, closing the bung after fermentation ceases. I have never made this, as I do not believe in wines or liquor of any kind that is fermented, but a neighbor says it is very nice, so I give the receipt in response to a request. Mrs. L. W. Farrell.

Molded Cereal. — I have baking-powder cans of three sizes, and when there is any cereal left from breakfast I butter the can which will hold the amount and pack in the cereal while hot. Then I have only to slip it out of the can, cut in slices and fry. Sometimes there are three varieties, but it all goes and proves a welcome change from the boiled or steamed cereal, freshly made, beside being a saving.

Aunt Kate's Cake. — Mix one cup of sugar and one half cup of molasses, add to it one and one-half cups of sour milk and beat well; sift three scant cups of flour, a heaping tablespoonful of cornstarch, one teaspoon-

Concluded on page 23

Which Government Position Do You Want?

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☆ Immigration
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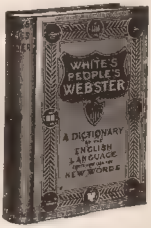

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Complete Crochet-Outfit

Given for ***Four*** *Subscriptions*

No. 1810. It is safe to say that no crochet-set ever introduced has given greater satisfaction than our combination outfit Number 1810. Holder for **Crochet-Cotton** is the most practical devised. From an adjustable bracelet which is slipped on over the wrist a spindle with a celluloid disk depends. On this disk the crochet-cotton is held in such a manner that the thread runs off smoothly as you crochet. Made entirely of white celluloid. Very light. **Three Needles**—large, medium, and small size—enclosed in a wooden holder, and a **Ball** of medium-size **crochet-cotton**, are also included.

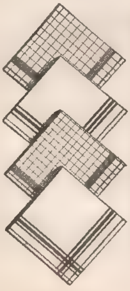
Boys' Steam-Engine

Given for ***Eight*** *Subscriptions*

No. 1765. With steam up and wheel a-turning, a boy has a toy that can't fail to amuse and instruct. The Weeden engine, shown above, is one of the most powerful toy engines made. It is modeled after the common "donky" engines and has fly-wheel with pulley, safety-valves, whistle, shut-off, and glass water-gauge to indicate the amount of water in the boiler. It stands 9 inches high and is designed for running such toy machinery as a buzz-saw, tackle, etc. Many principles of engineering are thus taught in a practical way which may easily develop, in the young mind, a taste for a life's vocation. Each engine is thoroughly tested and fully warranted Full directions for operating are included

White Figured Handkerchiefs

One Dozen *Given for* ***Five*** *Subscriptions*



No. 1552. To women wishing something in handkerchiefs, without fancy frills which only make expense, we recommend these assorted patterns which come in one-dozen lots. All are of bleached material, white-figured and 12 in. square, and have narrow hemstitched edges They will give satisfactory service and are the best value ever offered at terms comparing with ours. Neither mills nor dealers are ever overstocked with this grade which just meets the needs of the average person You will do well to lay in a supply for everyday use

15-Inch Pearl Necklace

Given for ***Two*** *Subscriptions*

No. 1601. Uniform in shape and with a lustrous sheen that closely resembles the genuine, this pearl necklace is truly a beauty. You would hardly imagine it possible to imitate so perfectly. There is just as much pleasure in wearing them as there would be in displaying a string of originals.

A Three-Blader for Men or Boys

Given for ***Seven*** *Subscriptions*

No. 1449. Three blades and a stag-handle make this knife a favorite with men and boys. Miller Bros. of Connecticut forge strength and service into this sturdiest of pocket-companions. Everything about it is correct. Blades are made of very best English Crucible cast steel, hardened and tempered by experienced workmen. It is full brass-lined, with brass rivets, has bright polished bolsters and shield. When closed knife is 3¼ inches long. Hardware-stores charge handsomely for a knife like this.

Crushed-Silver Bonbon-Dish

Given for ***Four*** *Subscriptions*

No. 1036. You must see this dish to fully appreciate it. It is all in shining silver and gold. The outside is thrice coated with sterling silver and the inside is bright with a fine deposit of gold.

Dreamland Pencil-Set

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No. 1109. As a model of usefulness this set will take first rank among school-children and big folks alike. Every article is made on quality standard by the Eagle Pencil Company. See what a splendid assortment is sent in each box.

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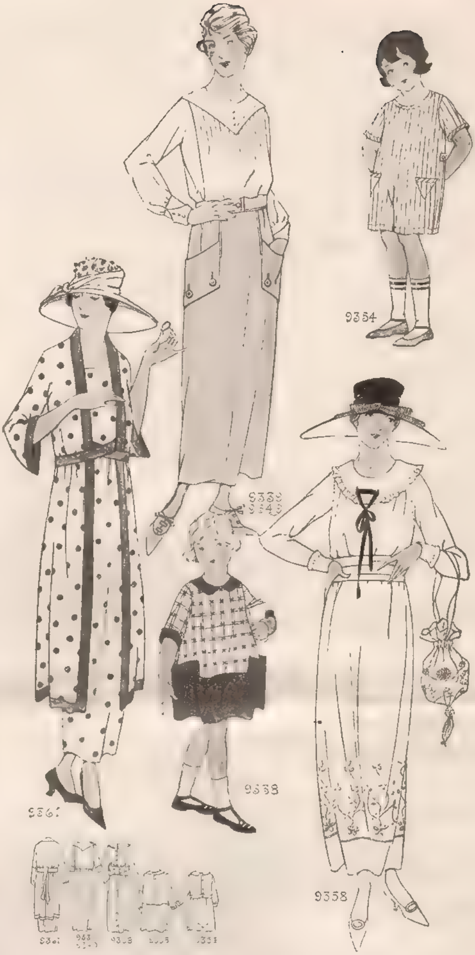

Ladies' and Misses' Tucked Waist

A SUMMERY waist of white handkerchief-linen, No. 9339, has very fine tucks all the way across the front and a very attractive pointed collar. The waist is made to slip on over the head and fastens on the shoulders. Either the full-length or elbow-length sleeves may be used.

The ladies' and misses' tucked waist-pattern, No. 9339, is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure. To make the waist in the 36-inch size will require 2¼ yards of 36-inch material.

Ladies' Two-Piece Skirt

A GOOD model for business or general wear, No.9349, is gathered at the back and sides at the slightly raised waistline.

The ladies' two-piece skirt-pattern, No. 9349, is cut in sizes from 24 to 34 inches waist measure. To make the skirt in the 26-inch size will require 2¾ yards of 36-inch material and 2¼ yards of binding.

Children's Rompers

THE coolest and most comfortable way to dress little tots in the hot weather is to slip on a pair of sensible rompers like No 9354

The children's rompers-pattern, No 9354, is cut in sizes for from 1 to 6 years To make the rompers in the 4 year size will require 1¼ yards of 36-inch material

Ladies' Dress

POLKA-DOT foulard or voile makes up most effectively in this style, No 9361, which has exceptionally good lines

The ladies' dress, No. 9361, is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 5⅜ yards of 36-inch material, with 1¼ yards of 32-inch contrasting goods, and 2 yards of ribbon for sash.

Children's Dress

JUST the kind of dress that the little girl of eight years or less will feel the most comfortable to play in, is No. 9338.

The children's dress-pattern, No. 9338, is cut in sizes for from 2 to 8 years. To make the dress in the 4-year size will require 1 yard of 32-inch plaid material, with ¾ yard of 36-inch plain material.

Ladies' and Misses' Dress

YOUTHFUL in its simplicity is this unusually charming frock, No. 9358, which is well adapted to the use of bordered material.

The ladies' and misses' dress-pattern, No 9358, is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years, and from 36 to 40 inches bust measure To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 1⅝ yards of 41-inch bordered material with 1⅝ yards of 36-inch plain material, with 3 yards of 8-inch ribbon.

We will send patterns of any of the garments illustrated and described above, by mail, postpaid, on receipt of fifteen cents each. In ordering, give number of pattern and size wanted. Each number calls for a separate pattern.
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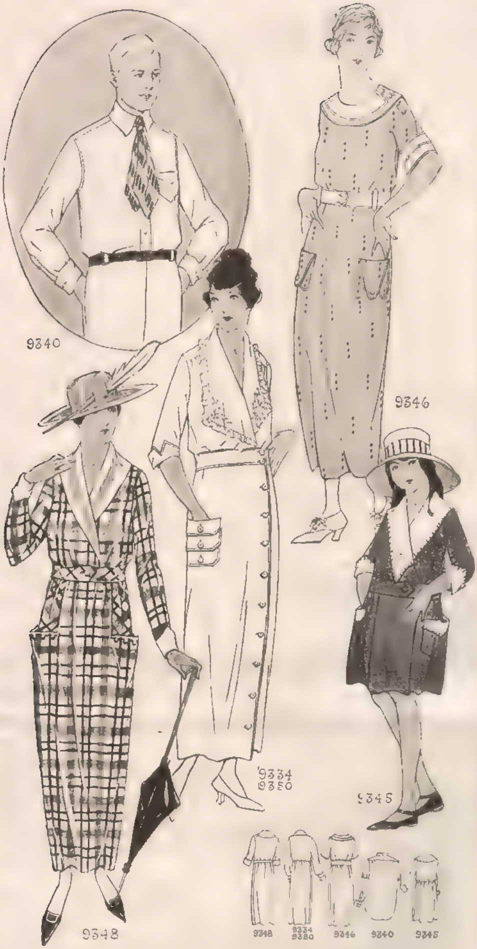

Men's Sport-Shirt

A sport-shirt, No. 9340, showing several new features, is gathered to a yoke across the back.

The men's sport-shirt-pattern, No. 9340, is cut in sizes for 14, 14½, 15, 15½ and 16 inches neck measure. To make the shirt in the 14½-inch size will require 4 yards of 32-inch material.

Ladies' One-Piece Apron

IN order to appear as cool and as neat as possible during the warm days that remain, one really needs just such an apron as No. 9346, to slip on in the mornings. It is cut all in one piece and slips over the head.

The ladies' one-piece apron-pattern, No. 9346, is cut in sizes for 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the apron in the 36-inch size will require 3½ yards of 32-inch material, with ⅝ yard of 36-inch contrasting material and 9½ yards of binding.

Ladies' House-Dress

MADE up of gingham with trimmings of white, this house-dress, No. 9348, becomes very presentable for morning or porch wear.

The ladies' house-dress-pattern, No. 9348, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. To make the house-dress in the 36-inch size will require 5⅜ yards of 27-inch material, with ⅝ yard of 36-inch contrasting material.

Ladies' and Misses' Waist

THE roll collar extends into broad revers at the front, which are daintily outlined with tiny crisp ruffles. The back of the waist, No. 9334, laps over the shoulders in yoke effect.

The ladies' and misses' waist-pattern, No. 9334, is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure. To make the waist in the 36-inch size will require 2¼ yards of 36-inch material, with 2½ yards of ruffling.

Ladies' Three-Piece Skirt

A WELCOME change from the usual three-piece skirt, is No. 9350, and has the right gore cut much wider than the left bringing the closing over on to the left-side front.

The ladies' three-piece skirt-pattern, No. 9350, is cut in sizes from 24 to 34 inches waist measure. To make the skirt in the 26-inch size will require 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material, with 6½ yards of binding.

Girls' Dress

SERVICEABLE as well as becoming is this little dress, No. 9345, of navy-blue challis, with relieving touches of white organdie

The girls' dress-pattern, No. 9345, is cut in sizes for from 6 to 14 years. To make the dress in the 12-year size will require 4 yards of 27-inch material, with ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting goods.

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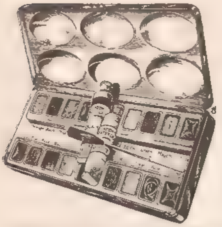

"Rembrandt" Paint-Box

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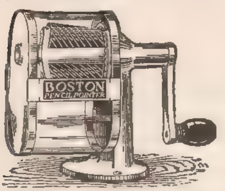
No. 2904. This is a high-grade, artist's moist-color outfit with the widest range of color-possibilities.

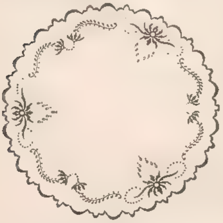
There are sixteen pans of regular colors and a tube each of black and of white moist colors, and a camel's-hair paint-brush. The outfit is of the famous Milton-Bradley manufacture. All comes in a special partitioned metal box 8 1-2x3 inches.



Boston Pencil - Pointer

Given for ***Seven*** *Subscriptions*

No. 1978. With a Boston Pencil-pointer even a child can put a fine working-point on the dullest pencil in half a minute. It is an article that should be in the home of every family, school or office. It will not ruffle the temper of those who use it, because it will not break the lead. And it saves buying many pencils, thus saving its owner much money. We send it by mail, postage prepaid



Tear-Drop Center

Given for ***Five*** *Subscriptions*

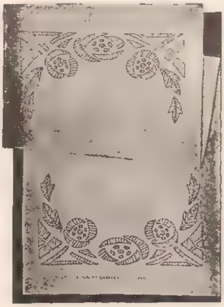
No. 1990. Seldom do we find a center with so much beauty for so little work as is in this Tear-Drop Center. The deep edge, consisting of single and triple scallops, alternating, immediately attracts your attention.

The design is stamped on 36-inch white Butcher-Cloth and is prettily grouped and well balanced. The work is for solid and eyelets. The only variation of the regular methods of work is given by the shaded eyelets, or tear-drops which extend in a point toward the center from the larger motif. These are padded on one side, and the width gradually diminishes to the usual eyelet-stitches on the other side.

Narrow-Band Wedding-Ring

Given for ***Four*** *Subscriptions*

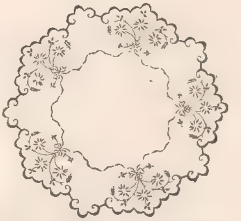
No. 1852. Even wedding-rings change in style; and that most in favor at present is the narrow, well-rounded ring, like our illustration. It is heavier and thicker than the old-style flat band ring, and for that reason does not chafe the finger It is becoming very stylish and popular and is appropriate for either man or woman. Furnished in a substantial gold filling in sizes from 5 to 13. It will give satisfactory service for many years. Be sure to give ring size.



Baltic-Crash Scarf

Given for ***Six*** *Subscriptions*

No. 1991. We wish you could see this ornamental design completed in colored embroidery, as we have Outlining is done in black, and the straight stitches across the petals are done with a double thread, of rose-color, in one straight stitch, as the stamped design shows. Leaves are worked in green. We supply sufficient floss, of the colors mentioned, to completely work the design. Size 18x54.

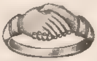


Daisy-and-Wheat Center

Given for ***Four*** *Subscriptions*

No. 1993. Our Daisy-and-Wheat Center is very unusual, yet beautiful when completed. It comes stamped on 27-inch white butcher-cloth, which will both wear and look well. The shell-like edge is for buttonhole. The rest of the work embodies solid, satin-stitch, and French knots. The design consists of five flower-and-wheat sprays with bowknots, which are connected together by streamers

We are very glad to be able to offer our readers such an opportunity as this to help fill the "Hope Chest," or for immediate use.

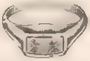


Brotherhood Ring

Given for ***Five*** *Subscriptions*

No. 1986. Our beautiful Brotherhood Ring is of 1-20 gold stock, and is one of the very latest pieces of jewelry. We are sure that it will please you.

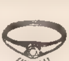
Worthwhile Premiums for The American Woman Club-Raisers



Large Gems 12K Filling

Any Size Given for ***Four*** *Subscriptions*

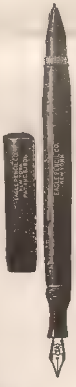
No. 1840. One of the most recent developments in gem-rings is the oblong shape running across the finger. We offer choice of four perfectly imitated stones, Sapphire, Ruby, Emerald, or Amethyst. Sizes 5 to 13. State stone and size—sure.



Child's Belcher-Set Ruby

Given for ***Two*** *Subscriptions*

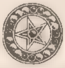
No. 1412. Extra value and quality are apparent in this popular style. Illustration does not display setting to advantage. Stone is richly colored and true to original gem



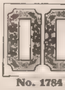
Combination Fountain-Pen and Pencil

Given for ***Nine*** *Subscriptions*

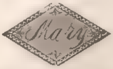
No. 1893. If you have searched in vain for a satisfactory fountain-pen, here is the goal of your quest. Every pen must meet the exacting test of daily general use, or it may be returned. The rubber contained in it comes from Para, Brazil; the iridium point comes from Russia; the 14K gold pen is made from gold procured from the U. S. government. A smooth writer; the ink flows smoothly to the last drop in the barrel. Refilling is accomplished in the most satisfactory way by the dropper filler. To increase the usefulness of this superb writing-article, the end opposite the gold pen is equipped with a propelling lead-pencil. A few turns of the screw force the lead into writing-position or return it to its protective socket. Each pen is equipped with a safety clip to insure against loss and is mailed in a box with directions, filler and extra box of leads



No. 1976
Ladies' Jeweled Pin
Given for ***Two*** *Subscriptions*



No. 1784
Two Waist-Pins
Given for ***Two*** *Subscriptions*



No. 1975
Your Name or Initial Pin
Given for ***Two*** *Subscriptions*

No. 1976. Here is a little pin that will appeal to all our lady readers. It is in the form of a circle surrounding a star, the outer edge being set with Rubies, Pearls and Sapphires, making the colors of our flag, Red, White and Blue, in a setting of gold-filled stock

No. 1784. A woman has so many uses for such neat little pins as these They are so handy for catching up gaps in a waist, pinning a bandeau, or for any place where a small but attractive pin is required. Forget-me-nots are hand-painted on filled gold

No. 1975. Liberty Silver is used for the underlying material, over which there is a 14K gold plate. We will engrave three initials or any name of not more than ten letters The engraving cuts through the gold, showing the bright metal, making a very handsome pin.

SPECIAL OFFER

Select the premium that you would most like to have and send us the required number of yearly subscriptions to The American Woman at our special **Club-Raisers'** price of **35 cents** each; we will send each subscriber this magazine one year, and we will send you, prepaid, the premium of your choice. Order by name and number. Send all subscriptions to

The American Woman
Augusta, Maine

Sailor-Boy Jackie

Given for ***Five*** *Subscriptions*

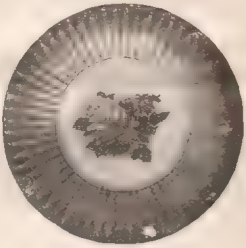
No. 1839. Jackie is anxious to join the doll family. He hasn't told us in words, but his expressive little face tells you of his desire more plainly than volumes.

What joy this little boy-doll will bring to childish hearts! He's so lifelike! Mothers will see in Jackie's face the image of their own youngster. His large, inquisitive blue eyes, cupid-bow lips and baby-pink cheeks are true as life.

Jackie had his sailor-suit on when he had his picture taken, but it can be slipped off and another put on if some little mother should wish to change it. The sailor-suit is very becoming, with its white blouse and bright-colored trimmings.

Like all true sailors Jackie has nine lives and will stand many hard knocks and dangers which would soon destroy or "kill" an ordinary doll. Jackie is practically indestructible.

All his limbs are jointed. When standing he is 12 inches high. His weight is eleven ounces. He is reaching out his arms to you. Let us send him.



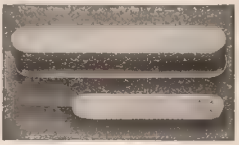
Cake-Plate

Given for ***Four*** *Subscriptions*

No. 1983. This china Cake-Plate will be prized by all women on account of its beauty and usefulness.

The crinkled edge, of a delicate variegated blue, slopes gracefully to the center. This center is decorated with a wonderfully shaded red and white rose cluster and verdant foliage, encircled by a rich gold band

The Plate is of good size, ten inches in diameter, so can be put to many uses other than the one originally intended for. Every housekeeper knows that extra dishes are very handy. This Plate would make an excellent gift for a friend, and will be sent carefully packed against breakage.



New-Idea Crochet-Needle

Given for ***Four*** *Subscriptions*

No. 2002. Those who have used this new crochet-needle, including members of Needlecraft's Staff, say that, once you adopt this needle, you never will go back to the old one. The flat handle enables one to hold the needle easily and securely between the thumb and finger without cramping the hand, thereby giving a uniformity to the work which cannot be secured by any other shape of handle. It is being adopted by the best crochet-workers. The handle is French Ivory.

The needle comes in a handsome plush-lined, ivory-finished case, making it exceptionally appropriate for gift-purposes.

Sizes 8 (medium) to 14 (fine). State size when ordering

The American Woman Calendar

August 1. Friday

Turn from the past with its old regret;
Harvest the wisdom and shut the door;
Turn to the dawn when the sun is set,
Turn from the chill of Nevermore—
Learn to forget.

August 2. Saturday

Let us now rest in the assurance that we are surrounded by health, happiness and prosperity. Let us put away all care, worry and belief in evil, and strive to realize our oneness with our Father.

August 3. Sunday

Eternal life is here! That life is love!
My life is centered in the life above.
Eternal life is here; I rest in peace,
And as I live in God, all joys increase.

August 4. Monday

Greatness is usually a by-product. It comes to those who are so busy accomplishing some task that needs to be done that they have no time to think of their own glory.

August 5. Tuesday

Who blesses others in his daily deeds
Will find the healing that his spirit needs;
For every flower on others' pathway thrown
Confers its fragrant beauty on our own.

August 6. Wednesday

Do not think that what your thoughts dwell upon is of no matter. Your thoughts are making you and your environment and circumstances. Therefore think only such things as you wish to see made manifest in the visible realm.

August 7. Thursday

If you want to meet a smile,
Take one with you all the while.
'Tis a saying that rings true:
What you give comes back to you.

August 8. Friday

Do not waste your time thinking about how people have wronged you. Forgive everybody and start anew. Your rusty grudge against a neighbor binds you tighter to hard circumstances than can any deed that neighbor could possibly do to you.

August 9. Saturday

Is there a past with a judgment-debt?
Do what you can, then make your pledge;
And, turning away from the memory-fret,
Live on the moment's brittle edge—
Learn to forget.

August 10. Sunday

The sense of God present—a very present help in time of trouble—eliminates all evil, all lack and dis-ease of mind, body or affairs, because it does away absolutely with that hydra-headed monster—fear. This sense of ever-present goodness is satisfaction and success.

August 11. Monday

There's a kingly creed of kindness, and it's just the creed for me;
It is higher than the heavens, it is deeper than the sea;
It can stand the test of ages and subdue the skeptic's sneer,
For the kingly creed of kindness has no enemy to fear.

August 12. Tuesday

Count your blessings and busy yourself in building up your health, happiness and prosperity by thinking about good. You can never attain your desires while you are using your time and energy in foolish worries and grudges.

August 13. Wednesday

Some one is sad? then speak a word of cheer;
Some one is lonely? make his welcome here;
Some one has failed? protect him from despair;
Some one is poor? there's something you can spare.
This is the creed that gives a well-earned rest;
In blessing others, thou thyself art blest.

August 14. Thursday

All that really is, all that exists, is good; that which we call evil is lack of good. If God is all, "and without Him nothing is made," how can there be any reality in poverty and sickness? Such things seem very real; but just take to your heart the truth that all that is not good—or God—is nothing, and see how quickly your troubles will begin to disappear.

August 15. Friday

Consider the lilies—the diamond-kissed dew
Giving life to the blossom and bloom ever new!
Is there anything, friend, that is worrying you?
"Consider the lilies!"

August 16. Saturday

Putting love and interest into any work you may have to do, is the surest way to graduate from it into the work you are longing for.

August 17. Sunday

Be still, dear heart, and know
The life, the peace, the satisfaction
That thou art striving for,
Or, mayhap, longing vaguely to possess,
Are thine already.

August 18. Monday

Have faith in every circumstance, in every phase of environment, and these will give their best to you. When you have faith adverse environments will trouble you no more; they will, on the other hand, become open gates to pastures green.

August 19. Tuesday

Taking it all together, this world is hard to beat;
If "there's a thorn with every rose," the roses all are sweet.

August 20. Wednesday

Stand porter at the door of consciousness; let not doubt, fear, worry nor anxiety mar your perfect trust. Stand firm in the knowledge of absolute good. Remember that health is your divine birthright.

August 21. Thursday

It is you and I who can bring world-peace
By seeing God's truth each day,
By filling the place in which we live
With love's illumining ray.
It is not through nations that peace will come,
Nor will it follow the sword;
But as you and I show forth in our lives
The love and peace of God.

August 22. Friday

So it comes to pass that the only way not to worry is to be so filled with divine intelligence as to know there is nothing to worry about.

August 23. Saturday

There is upon Life's hand a magic ring—
The ring of faith-in-good, life's gold of gold;
Remove it not, lest all life's charm take wing.

August 24. Sunday

The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace.

August 25. Monday

When spurred by tasks unceasing or undone
You would seek rest afar,
And find it not, though it be rightly won—
Rest where you are.

August 26. Tuesday

Nothing so increases the degree of spiritual energy as the glow and ardor and joy of doing some little service for another. In this lies the real blessedness, the real luxury of life.

August 27. Wednesday

Let us rest ourselves a bit!
Worry? Wave your hand to it—
Kiss your finger-tips, and smile
It farewell a little while.

August 28. Thursday

When we exercise faith, all doubt, all fear and all anxiety are absent; should these undesirable mental states appear, we may know that our minds are dwelling on the surface of things instead of the spirit of things.

August 29. Friday

Never mind what has been; lift your heart and sing;
Happiest of happy days coming years shall bring.

August 30. Saturday

Many times we think the skies of life are clouded over, when the truth is we are simply burying our head in the stream of our own sighing. The remedy is obvious.

August 31. Sunday

Shine and shine! and shine and shine!
Ah! to-day the splendor!
All this glory yours and mine—
God! but God is tender!
We to sigh instead of sing,
Yesterday, in sorrow,
While the Lord was fashioning
This for our to-morrow!

◆

THE HOMEMAKER

Concluded from page 19

ful each of salt, ginger and cinnamon, a half teaspoonful each of clove and allspice, and two teaspoonfuls of baking-soda; mix with the sugar, molasses and milk and beat thoroughly, then add three tablespoonfuls of melted shortening and one and one-half cups of seeded raisins. Bake in a large tin to cut in squares. This is a delicious dessert served hot with whipped cream, and any pieces that are left until they become dry are steamed and served with liquid sauce as a fruit pudding.

Corn Fritters. — Two eggs, one can of corn, one cup of milk, a generous pinch of salt, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and flour to make a rather thin batter. Fry in hot fat to a nice brown. Boiled rice may be used instead of corn.

Mrs. H. L. Peterson.

Blackberry Tarts. — When you are baking make a few tart-shells and some strips of pastry; it is little extra work to make and bake them with other things, when the oven is heated, and you will find them very nice for an emergency dessert. Mash a pint or half box of blackberries, add a half cup of granulated sugar and set away for a half hour or so; whip a cup of good cream until it begins to thicken, than add slowly one half cup of powdered sugar and a few drops of extract of vanilla or other preferred. When stiff combine with the sugar and berries, fill the shells, lay strips across the top and serve at once.

Cherry Pudding.—Cream one tablespoonful of melted butter and one half cup of sugar, add to this a well beaten egg, a half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a very little hot water and stirred into a cup of sour milk, and two cups of bread flour, mixed with one pint of sweet cherries, stoned. Bake three quarters of an hour in a moderate oven, and serve with liquid sauce or with sugar and cream. I have used blueberries instead of cherries and found the pudding equally good. Sometimes I bake the cake in gem-pans instead of a square tin and serve the cakes hot, with butter.

Coffee Mousse. — Dissolve one cup of sugar in two cups of good coffee, strong and clear, add a tablespoonful of granulated gelatine which has been soaked until softened in a little cold water, set aside until the mixture cools and begins to thicken somewhat, then add a cup of rich milk and two cups of heavy cream whipped stiff and flavored with a teaspoonful of vanilla-extract. First beat the cream until it begins to thicken, then add the milk a little at a time, beating all the while. Pour all into a mold, cover with waxed paper and put on the lid, which must fit tightly, pack in ice and salt and let stand for three hours. These receipts are all tested, and good. Sister Sue.

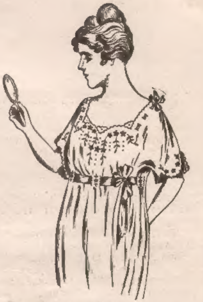
Haverhill, Mass.

Here Are Some American Woman Premiums That YOU Want

Bluebird Bread-and-Milk Set

*Given for **Ten** Subscriptions*

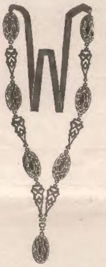
No. 2032. This bread-and-milk set will make breakfast an attractive meal for the younger folks, and even a supper of healthy mush will be enjoyed. The pitcher is 5¾ inches high, the bowl 5 inches in diameter and the plate in proportion, all made of best American china and decorated with the ever popular bluebird pattern in red-and-blue design, and blue-line borders. The background is pure-white, with embossed white decorations around bottom of pitcher and bowl. The whole effect is very attractive.



Ladies' Nightgown

*Given for **Six** Subscriptions*

No. 1704. Our lady readers will readily see the advantage of getting this Nightgown, because it is semi-made from a one-piece pattern, and the stamped design for embroidery is unusually good. The material is nainsook, and we give Six Skeins of Embroidery-Cotton for the needlework. Any favorite shade of ribbon may be used, and suitable pieces are in every workbasket or may be bought cheaply, therefore we do not include that in our offer. It really makes a very economical way to get a plentiful supply of Nightdresses, for our terms are liberal.



Victory Chain

*Given for **Six** Subscriptions*

No. 2024. Now that the war is over, we all feel like putting on a little more style, and we are going in for pretty and cheerful colors. We don't mean by this that we want loud or gaudy or cheap appearing jewelry.

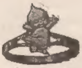
The Victory Chain is really very high-grade. It is just enough out of the ordinary to attract attention. They are going to be worn extensively this spring and summer by every woman who can afford to wear one.

The Victory chain is made with seven big brilliant faceted imported stones. The stones are good-quality; settings and trimmings are finished in Battleship Gray; the top is black grained ribbon and the Chain reaches to the waist. Your choice of Amethyst or Amber stones.

Our Offer

Send us the required number of subscriptions to The American Woman at our special **Club-Raisers'** price of **35 cents** each; we will send each subscriber this magazine one year, and we will send you, prepaid, the premium of your choice

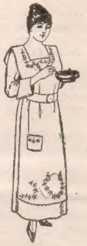
The American Woman
Augusta, Maine



Kewpie Ring

*Given for **Two** Subscriptions*

No. 2030. This is the very latest novelty in rings, and is bound to become very popular. Kewpie guarantees that. It is made of sterling silver and offered on such liberal terms that everyone can have a Kewpie Ring. To designate size wanted send a piece of string or slip of paper that will just fit around ring finger.



Fudge-Apron

*Given for **Three** Subscriptions*

No. 1740. This elegant design is stamped on National White Linene all ready to embroider. It passes over the head and shoulders as shown in the illustration, and a belt passes around the waist and fastens in front. While it was more particularly designed for fudge- or candy-making, still it may be used for 'most any other purpose for which an apron is needed. We believe our lady friends will thank us for the opportunity now offered them to procure one or more of these handsome aprons on such favorable terms.

Baby's First Set

*Given for **Five** Subscriptions*

No. 2029. Here is an ideal gift for baby, a tea-set of P&B guaranteed silver-plated ware, consisting of fork and spoon made expressly for baby. The set is mounted on a prettily illustrated card with verse, all in colored inks, making an ideal gift. Every piece of this well-known ware carries the registered trademark and is guaranteed to have a base of 18-per-cent. nickel-silver, plated with a heavy plate of pure silver, 999-1000 fine.

Premo Junior

*Given for **Eleven** Subscriptions*

No. 1502. The box type possesses features found in no other camera of this character. It uses the film-pack exclusively, loads in daylight, and single exposures may be removed at any time for development. To load: Open back, drop film-pack in place—close the back, and camera is loaded in daylight. Has automatic shutter for time or snap-shots, two view-finders and two tripod - sockets. Takes a clear, sharp picture 2¼x3¼ inches.

MADELON

Continued from page 13

lage, taking great leaps through the snow, straining her eyes ahead. Now and then she cried out hoarsely, as if she really saw some one, "Hullo! hullo!" At the curve of the road she turned a headlong corner and ran roughly against a man who was hurrying toward her; and this time it was Burr Gordon.

Burr reeled back with the shock; then his face peered into hers with fear and wonder.

"Is it you?" he stammered out. "What is the matter?"

But Madelon caught his arm in a hard grip.

"Come, quick!" she gasped, and pulled him along the road after her.

"What is the matter?" Burr demanded, half yielding and half resisting.

Madelon faced him suddenly as they sped along.

"I met your cousin Lot just below here and he kissed me, and I took him for you and stabbed him, if you must know," she sobbed out, dryly.

Burr gave a choking cry of horror.

"I think I—have killed him," said she, and pulled him on faster.

"And you meant to kill me?"

"Yes, I did."

"I wish to God you had!" Burr cried out, with a sudden fierce anger at himself and her; and now he hurried on faster than she.

Lot was quite motionless when they reached him. Burr threw himself down in the snow and leaned his ear to his cousin's heart. Madelon stood over them panting. Suddenly a merry roulade of whistling broke the awful stillness. Two men were coming down the road whistling "Roy's Wife of Alidivalloch" as clearly soft and sweet as flutes, accented with human gayety and mirth.

On came the merry whistlers. Burr sprang up and grasped Madelon Hautville's arm.

"He isn't dead," he whispered, hoarsely. "Somebody's coming. Go home, quick!"

But Madelon looked at him with despairing obstinacy.

"I'll stay," said she.

"I tell you, go! Somebody is coming. I'll get help. I'll send for the doctor. Go home!"

"No!"

"O Madelon! if you have ever loved me, go home!"

Madelon turned away at that.

"I'll be there when they come for me," said she, and went swiftly down the road and out of sight in the converging distance of trees, with the snow muffling her footsteps.

When she reached home she groped her way into the living-room, which was lighted only by the low, red gleam of the coals on the hearth. Her father's gruff voice called out from the bedroom beyond: "That you, Madelon?"

"Yes," said she, and lighted a candle at the coals.

"Have the boys come?"

"No."

Madelon went up the steep stairs to her chamber, but before she opened her door her brother Louis' voice, broken with pain, besought her to come into his room and bathe his sprained shoulder for him. She went in, set the candle on the table, and rubbed in the cider-brandy and wormwood without a word. Louis, in the midst of his pain, kept looking up wonderingly at his sister's face. It looked as if it were frozen. She did not seem to see him. Nothing about her seemed alive but her gently moving hands.

Suddenly he gave a startled cry.

"What's that? Have you cut your hand, Madelon?"

Madelon glanced at her hand, and there was a broad red stain over the palm and three of her fingers.

"No," said she, and went on rubbing.

"But it looks like blood!" cried Louis, knitting his pale brows at her.

Madelon made no reply.

"Madelon, what is that on your hand?"

"Blood."

"How came it there?"

"You'll know to-morrow."

Madelon put the stopper in the cider-brandy and wormwood bottle; then she covered up the wounded arm and went out.

"Madelon, what is it? What is the matter? What ails you?" Louis called after her.

"You'll know to-morrow," said she, and shut her chamber-door, which was nearly opposite Louis'. His youngest brother Richard occupied the same room, having his little cot at the other side, under the window. When he came in, an hour later, Louis turned to him eagerly.

"Has anything happened?" he demanded.

The boy's face, which was always so like his sister's, had the same despair in it now.

"Don't know of anything that's happened," he returned, surlily.

"What ails Madelon?"

"I tell you I don't know."

Richard would say no more. He blew out his candle and tumbled into bed, turned his face to the window and lay awake until an hour before dawn. Then he arose, dressed himself, and went downstairs. He put more wood on the hearth-fire, then knelt down before it, and puffed out his boyish cheeks at the bellows until the new flames crept through the smoke. Then he lighted the lantern, and went to the barn to milk, and feed the stock. That was always Richard's morning task, and he always on his way hither replenished the hearth-fire, that his sister Madelon might have a lighter and speedier task at preparing breakfast. Madelon usually arose a half hour after Richard, and she was not behindhand this morning. She entered the great living-room, lit the candles, and went about getting breakfast. Human daily needs arise and set on tragedy as remorselessly as the sun.

Madelon Hautville, in whose heart was an unsounded depth of despair, mixed up the cornmeal daintily with cream, and baked the cakes which her father and brothers loved before the fire, and laid the table. She had always attended to the needs of the males of her family with the stern faithfulness of an Indian squaw. Now, as she worked, the wonder, softer than her other emotions, was upon her as to how they would get on when she was in prison and after she was dead; for she made no doubt that she had killed Lot Gordon and the sheriff would be there presently for her, and she felt plainly the fretting of the rope around her soft neck. She hoped they would not come for her until breakfast was prepared and eaten, the dishes cleared away, and the house tidied; but she listened like a savage for a footfall and a hand at the door. She had packed a little bundle ready to take with her before she left her chamber. Her cloak and hood were laid out on the bed.

When she sat down at the table with her father and brothers, all of them except Richard and Louis stared at her with open amazement and questioned her. Richard and Louis stared furtively at their sister's face, as stiff, set, and pale as if she were dead, but they asked no questions. Madelon said, in a voice that was not hers, that she was not sick, and put pieces of Indian cake into her untasting mouth and listened. But breakfast was well over and the dishes put away before anybody came. And it was not the sheriff to hale her to prison on a charge of murder, but an old man from the village, big with news.

He was a relative of the Hautvilles, an uncle on the mother's side, old and broken, scarcely able to find his feeble way on his shrunken legs through the snow; but, with the instinct of gossip, the sharp nose for his neighbors' affairs, still alert in him, he had arisen at dawn to canvass the village, and had come thither at first, since he anticipated that he might possibly have the delight of bringing the intelligence before any of the family had heard it elsewhere. He came in, dragging his old, snow-laden feet, tapping heavily with his stout stick, and settled, cackling, into a chair.

"Heard the news?" queried Uncle Luke Basset, his eyes, like black sparks, twinkling rapidly at all their faces.

Madelon set the cups and saucers on the dresser.

"We don't have any time for anybody's business but our own," quoth David Hautville, gruffly. He did not like his wife's uncle. He was tightening a string in his bass-viol; he pulled it as he spoke, and it gave out a fierce twang. Louis sat moodily over the fire with his painful arm in wet bandages. Richard was whittling kindling-wood, with nervous speed, beside him. Eugene and Abner were cleaning their guns. They all looked at the eager old man except Richard and Louis and Madelon.

"Burr Gordon has killed Lot so's to get his property!" proclaimed the old man, and his voice broke with eager delight and importance.

Madelon gave a cry and sprang forward in front of him.

"It's a lie!" she shouted.

The old man laughed in her face.

"No, 'tain't, Madelon. You're showin' a Christian sperrit to stan' up for him when he's jilted ye for another gal, but 'tain't a lie. His knife, with his name on to it, was a-stickin' out of Lot's side."

"It's a lie! I killed him with my brother Richard's knife!"

The old man shrank back before her in incredulous horror. The great bass-viol fell to the ground like a woman as David strode forward and Abner and Eugene turned their shocked white faces from their guns.

"I killed him with Richard's knife," repeated Madelon.

Richard got up and came around before her, thrusting his hand in his pocket. He pulled out his own clasp-knife and brandished it in her face.

"Here is my knife!" he cried, fiercely—"my knife, with my name cut in the handle. Say you killed Lot Gordon with it again!"

Madelon snatched the knife out of her brother's hand and looked at it with straining eyes. There, indeed, was a rude "R. H." cut in the horn handle. She gasped.

"What does this mean?" she cried out.

"It means you have lost your wits," answered Richard, contemptuously; but his eyes on his sister's face were full of pleading agony.

"What knife did you give me when I started home last night?"

"I gave you no knife."

Old Luke Basset asserted himself again.

"The gal's lost her balance," he said.

"It was Burr Gordon's knife, with his name cut into it, that was stickin' out of Lot Gordon's side."

"Is Lot Gordon dead?" Louis demanded, hoarsely.

"No, he ain't dead, but the doctor thinks he can't live long. Ephraim Steele and Eleazer Hooper were a-goin' home from the ball when they come right on Lot layin' side of the road and Burr a-tryin' to draw his knife out, so it shouldn't testify against him."

"It's a lie!" Madelon groaned. "Burr Gordon did not kill him. It was I! He met me, and tried to—kiss me, and—the knife was in my hand—Richard made me take it because I was coming home alone, and there had been rumors of a bear."

"I did not," persisted Richard, doggedly. "I did not make her take my knife. Here is my knife, with my name cut in the handle."

Madelon turned on him fiercely.

"You did; you know you did!" said she.

"Here is my knife, with my name cut on the handle."

"You gave me a knife as I was coming out of the tavern."

"No, I did not."

"You did, and I killed him with it. It was not Burr! I ran for help, and I met Burr, and I told him what I had done, and he went back with me to Lot. Then he sent me home when he heard somebody coming. Ask Lot Gordon if I did not kill him; if he can speak he can tell you."

"There won't neither him nor Burr say a word,' said the old man, "but there was Burr's knife a-stickin' into Lot's side, with his name cut into it."

Madelon turned sharply to Louis.

"You saw the blood on my hand when I was rubbing your arm last night," she said.

He made no reply, but stared gloomily at the fire.

"Louis, you saw Lot Gordon's blood on my hand?"

Louis sprang up with an oath, and pushed past her out of the room.

"Louis," Madelon cried, "tell them!"

"She is trying to shield Burr Gordon!" Louis called back, fiercely, and the closing door shook the house like a cannon-shot.

"Where is Burr?" Madelon demanded of old Luke Basset.

"The sheriff took him to New Salem to jail this morning," he replied, grinning.

Madelon gave a great cry and started to rush out of the room, but her father stood in her way.

"Where are you going?" he asked sternly.

"I am going to get my hood and cloak, and then I am going to Lot Gordon's."

Her father stood aside, and she went out and upstairs to her chamber. She took up the red cloak which lay on her bed, and examined it eagerly to see if by chance there was a blood-stain thereon to prove her guilt and Burr Gordon's innocence, but she could find none. She had flung it back when she struck. She looked also carefully at her pretty ball gown, but the black fabric showed no stain.

When she went downstairs with her cloak and hood on, old Luke Basset was gone, and so were her brothers. Her father stood waiting for her, and he had on his fur cap and his heavy cloak. He came forward and took her firmly by the arm.

"I'm going with you to Lot Gordon's," said he. And they went out together and up the road, he still keeping a firm hand on his daughter's arm, and neither spoke all the way to Lot Gordon's house.

When they reached it David Hautville opened the door without touching the knocker, and strode in with Madelon following. Old Margaret Bean was just passing through the entry with a great roll of linen cloths in her arms, and she stopped when she saw them.

"How is he?" whispered David, hoarsely.

"He's pretty low," returned Margaret Bean, at the same time nodding her head cautiously toward the door on her right. Long, smooth loops of sallow hair fell from Margaret Bean's clean white cap over her cheeks, which looked as if they had been scrubbed and rasped red with tears. Her own gray hair was strained back out of sight—not to be discovered, even when there was a murder in the house.

"Does he know anybody?" queried David Hautville.

"Just as well as ever he did."

Margaret Bean rubbed a tear dry on her cheek with her starched apron.

"We've got to see him, then."

"I dunno as you can—the doctor—"

"I don't care anything about the doctor! We've got to see him!" David's voice rang out quite loud in the hush of murder and death which seemed to fill the house. Margaret Bean stood aside with a scared look. David Hautville threw open the door on the right, and he and Madelon went in.

Lot Gordon's eyes turned toward them, but not his head. He lay as still in bed as if he were already dead, and his long body raised the gay patchwork quilt in a stiff ridge like a grave.

Madelon went close to him and bent over him.

"Tell who stabbed you," said she, in a sharp voice. Lot looked up at her, and a red flush came over his livid face. "Tell who stabbed you." Lot smiled feebly, but he did not speak. Margaret Bean came in, with her old husband shuffling at her heels. A great face, bristling with a yellow stubble of beard, appeared in the door. It belonged to the sheriff, Jonas Hapgood, who had just returned from taking Burr to New Salem. Madelon cast a desperate glance around at them. "Lot Gordon," she cried out, "tell them—tell them I was the one who stabbed you, and set Burr free!"

There was a chuckle from Jonas Hapgood in the door.

"Likely story," he muttered to Margaret Bean's husband, and the old man nodded wisely.

"Tell them!" commanded Madelon. She reached out a hand as if she would shake Lot Gordon into obedience, wounded unto death although he was, but Lot only smiled up in her face.

Then David Hautville bent his stern face down to the sick man's.

"Lot Gordon, tell the truth before God, daughter of mine or no daughter of mine," said he, in his deep voice. Lot only followed Madelon with his longing, smiling eyes.

"Speak, Lot Gordon!"

The wounded man turned his eyes on David and made a feeble motion, scarcely more than a quiver of his hand, which seemed to express negation.

"Can't you speak?"

Again Lot made that faint signal.

"He ain't spoke sence they brought him home," said Margaret Bean—"not a word to the doctor nor nobody."

"I couldn't get a word out of him," announced the sheriff, stepping further into the room. "In course, there was Burr's knife and Burr himself over him when the others came up, and that was proof enough; but still we kinder thought we'd like to have Lot's word for it afore he died; but I guess he's past speakin'. I miss my guess if he can sense anything we say."

"Tell them—tell them I was the one who stabbed you, and Burr is innocent!" Madelon pleaded; but he smiled back at her, unmoved.

Jonas Hapgood's great body shook with mirth.

"Likely story a gal did it!" he chuckled.

"I did do it!" returned Madelon, fiercely, turning to him.

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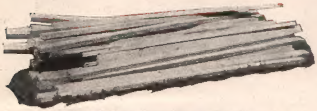

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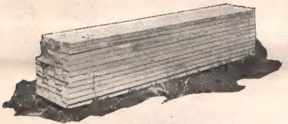

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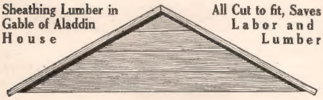

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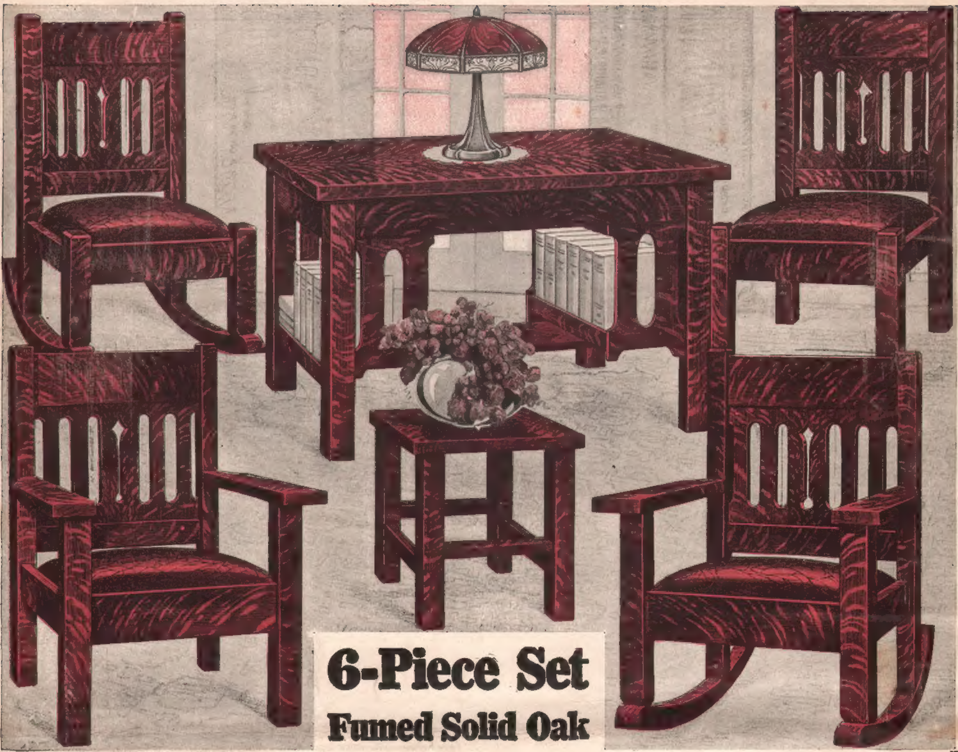

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